TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME III — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1927 — NUMBER 29

Fête in Xanadu WAD

I ruled as Kublai, kingdomed by a dream;
Even now I hear the fanfare, hark the cry
Of festival, my rainbow pennons stream;
My wild court gymnasts walk a golden sky.
W. R. B.

Standardization

TO each age its own bogy. To Victorian England the spectre of Philistinism, to our own day the bugbear of standardization. Or perhaps after all they are one, and Philistinism the encroachments of which on the life of the spirit Matthew Arnold so passionately decried, and standardization, which we so stridently denounce, are only interchangeable terms for smugness and indifference and materialism. Our expostulators, living in a mechanistic age, ascribe to industry the results which the Victorian critic belabored from a different point of view. But, like him, they fear the swamping of the higher values of life by complacent materialism.

Here, they say of the America of 1927, is a nation being fed a standardized education from standardized text-books by teachers so standardized that a breach of the conventions of doctrine may lead to penalties; a nation to which a syndicated press hands out standardized opinions, a standardized philosophy of living and loving, standardized jests, comic strips, and stories, with the precision that the manufacturer4 supplies it with ready made clothing cut to a standard length and dyed to a standard color; a nation in which labor saving devices, and telephones, and automobiles are undermining the stanchions of individuality by wiping out isolation and so standardizing experience. What, they ask, lies before such a country but a regimen of living and thinking in which no man differs from his neighbor, a civilization rendered colorless and flavorless through uniformity, and inert through similarity of ideas?

And yet does the fault lie in standardization or in standards? The American public waxed and grew strong on standardization—on the standardization of the idea that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness were the inalienable rights of all men. It grew to well-being on the standardization of the doctrine of work. It grew to literacy on the standardization of the thesis that education was the right of the masses and not the privilege of the few. Now that the masses are educated, and the laborer is wearing silk shirts and buying Fords, we are alarmed lest the vigor of the country be submerged by the standardized knowledge and the standardized manner of living which have become the common property of the American millions.

There can be no denying that there is danger. Large scale production, far-flung advertising, and the widespread distribution of goods and ideas have drained something of the color and flavor from American life. Men no longer react individually to conditions as they did in the isolation of the farm or the mine but respond to them under full cognizance of what their fellows are believing and feeling. They think alike, act alike, desire alike. It is a truism that deviation from the usual is nowhere more frowned down upon than in democratic America. Conformity is the price of respectability, and eccentricity is the deadly sin. As nowhere else in the world fashions and fads tyrannize in America.

Therein, of course, lies the great peril to American society—in that it is a society sufficiently homogeneous to be easily amenable to pressure, and by virtue of the fact that it is overwhelmingly middle-class in danger of having superimposed upon it a set of values emanating from the mediocre rather than the distinguished elements of the community. These values will necessarily to a large extent be those of material satisfactions and unsubtle æsthetic and intellectual interests. Since the turn of the industrial wheel has brought ease and leisure within the grasp of millions untutored in the ways of culture, naturally shoddiness in dress and thought will prevail. Yet false jewels, and rayon, and Books of Etiquette need not necessarily indicate anything more deplorable than an untrained taste striving for the expression of unformed æsthetic and social desires.

Since this is so, great is the possibility of developing standards of worth. What an opportunity for the movie, for the radio, for literature! What of value may they not standardize! Libraries and clubs that distribute large number of the same book throughout the country are sometimes decried as but one more agency in the standardization of our civilization. And they are. But what a means, if properly directed, to the standardization of good taste in literature, to the inculcation of love for literature, to the making of literature a part of living! Standardization may be good as well as bad. Not similarity of taste and desire is the enemy but similarity of bad taste and bad desire.

Good taste, however, can never be developed without something to feed on. A sense of the artistic and the fine does not spring unnourished in the human breast. The love of the dramatic, of the spectacular, of the passionate is there; these are qualities which it needs no guidance to develop. They are the crude values of life and literature, and the most untutored will respond to them. But the ability to discriminate between the dramatic and the melodramatic, between the striking and the showy, between emotion and emotionalism, this is an ability—a taste, if you will—born of acquaintance with both. Standardize reading of the better sort, thinking of the better sort, and automatically you will destandardize lack of judgment and cheapness of taste.

The Age of Impotence

By ELMER DAVIS

NOT the least noteworthy of recent literary feats is that of Mr. Warwick Deeping.* The epiphany of a new novelist is never so amazing as the belated arrival at the top of the hill of a veteran, who had to make the grade under the burden of a name familiar for years and never important. And since men of letters, however scornful of success in others, rarely object to it for themselves, it might pay to inquire why Mr. Deeping, after a dozen novels which got nowhere in particular, got so notably somewhere with "Sorrell and Son."

You may say that "Sorrell and Son" was only a commercial success, that Mr. Deeping is not an art author. Well, the world teems and overflows with art authors; Mr. Deeping is something rarer and perhaps more significant, the producer of a book to which several hundred thousand people came back in grateful relief after sampling the products of the art authors. (Fairly intelligent people, too; his public may not be Marianne Moore's but it is not Kathleen Norris's.) And if he should happen to be the forerunner of a new movement in fiction even the art authors, or so many of them as live on their royalties, may profitably give him some attention.

Obviously if I knew his formula I should keep it a secret and try it myself; seventeen large printings are worth shooting at. I do not know the trick of the mixture but it is not very hard to identify the principal ingredients. "Sorrell and Son" began with a story—the oldest and simplest story in the world, but one that will still be popular when the stars are old and the sun grows cold; the story of

*Doomsday. By WARWICK DEEPING. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

*Sorrell and Son. By WARWICK DEEPING. 17th Large Printing. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This Week

Fête in Xanadu. By *William A. Dwiggins.*

Quatrain. By *William Rose Benét.*

"Main Street and Wall Street." Reviewed by *Ray Morris.*

"George Meredith." Reviewed by *John W. Cunliffe.*

Qwertyuiop. . . .

"Wedlock." Reviewed by *Dorothy Canfield Fisher.*

"Green Forest." Reviewed by *Lloyd Morris.*

"Streets in the Moon." Reviewed by *Louis Untermeyer.*

Next Week, or Later

Perennial Romanticism. By *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the man facing starvation, who hustles out and gets himself enough to eat. Add to that the history of a parental relation which was not a curse to both parent and child (here alone was sufficient novelty to entitle the book to be called "daring"); and a sexual philosophy which seems a sensible middle-of-the-road adjustment, resting on no supernatural sanctions, allowing the reasonable measure of liberty which we all permit ourselves while condemning the excess we deplore in others.

But these explanations hardly explain. The story, engrossing as it is, peters out when Captain Sorrell is relieved from danger of actual want, less than half way through the book. The sexual philosophy, however attractive, turns out on closer inspection to be of little practical use; "do what you like so long as you don't hurt other people" is a rather irrelevant precept in a world where it is impossible to exist without hurting other people. I believe the popularity of "Sorrell and Son" was chiefly due to its pervasive tone. The book has guts.

Whatever the intrinsic value of this quality, it has been so absent from recent literature as to have acquired a scarcity value, and when Mr. Deeping served it up, readers rushed for it like wild beasts for a salt lick. Twenty years ago we were overfed with visceral literature; the recent cult of impotence is no doubt partly a reaction from that. But now the pendulum has begun to swing the other way and Mr. Deeping was fortunate enough to catch hold of it at the right moment. When Captain Sorrell, so buffeted about by unjust Fate that he had a perfect right to sit down and whine about it, elected to get up and go to work instead, the thump-thump of the first trunk he carried upstairs resounded as loudly, and may echo as long, as the slam of Nora Helmer's door.

❧ ❧ ❧

That thump echoes in "Doomsday," though Mr. Deeping's current offering seems unlikely to attain anything like the American popularity of "Sorrell and Son." Like a good technician, he gives most of his attention to his story; but some of the incidentals happen to have more news value for American readers, and their expansion would have helped the book on this side of the Atlantic. There is the life in Sandihurst Estates, a realty development that could be matched a hundred times in Long Island and Westchester and Florida—with the difference that the English ear is deaf to the siren song of the realtor, the English eye knows such creations as Sandihurst Estates for the cheap, shabby pretense that they are. Here live some of the "new poor" who are trying to keep up a front, people who have come down to it, not risen to it like most of our commuters, and their history would have the novelty for American readers that wild west thrillers had for English readers. But it is not news to Mr. Deeping; he sketches in his background and then goes on with the history of Mary Viner.

Mary, tied down to waiting on her invalid parents, had a young girl's natural desire for the earth, plus the moon. She was sought in marriage by Captain Arnold Furze, an impecunious gentleman who had come back from the war to try to reclaim Doomsday Farm. But Mary, as Furze told her, "wanted her cushion;" and the frontier conditions on Furze's farm meant as much drudgery as she had at home, and even less comfort. "She wanted Furze the man but not Furze the farmer," so she ran away.

I was not much excited by the history of Mary's flight, and disillusionment, and ultimate return, because it is too carefully arranged, like one of those hands which Mr. Foster lays out in Vanity Fair to show how Y and Z get five of the last six tricks. Mr. Deeping is not quite so bad as Messrs. Booth Tarkington and Freeman Tilden, who seem to feel that the old-fashioned virtues cannot take the rubber unless their antagonists, Sin and Sophistication, are dealt hands without any face cards at all. None the less he allows Mary, in her flight to the sophisticates, to get nothing but money; the man she got with it was a pretty sad stick, and one cannot help feeling that Sin and Sophistication have more to offer than that. On that side of the argument Mr. Deeping has cold-decked his reader; but on the other side Arnold Furze is a not unworthy successor to Stephen Sorrell.

Furze and his farm may also be lacking in news value for English readers, now that so many Englishmen are going back to the land because there is nowhere else to go; but to Americans lolling in the urban comfort of 1927 the story of his wrestle with a stubborn soil has the same interest as the history of the pioneers who chopped this country out of the wilderness. For this Furze is spiritually a frontiersman, and it is a fact of some sociological significance that he found England frontier enough for him. He had no illusions; he knew that "all work is dull—unless you have got the spirit in you." He also knew that "half the farming in England is laborious and haphazard," that it needs brains as well as muscle.

He had an immense amount of hard luck, but he stood up under it; he saw his farm as "a battle-field upon which to fight the god of all cussedness and interference, Man's eternal fight." So he would seem significant, also, in the spiritual history of the human race, which has not got even this far by graceful gestures of resignation. Hard luck is plentiful in post-war England, and facing it the people of Mr. Aldous Huxley, for example, curl up and quit. Unless all biology is a lie, their fossil remains will some day be collected and catalogued and preserved in museums, by the descendants of the people of Mr. Warwick Deeping.

❧ ❧ ❧

Mere survival is of course not a particularly conclusive argument, yet it might be pertinent to wonder what the devotees of the cult of impotence get out of their religion which requires that its priests be eunuchs. (Merely spiritual eunuchs, of course.) Guts—the spirit that makes a man stand up against work and hard luck—may possibly be barbaric and unrefined; yet this spirit would seem to have some practical value. Without it, the machinery of what we call civilization could not be kept going at even its present low degree of efficiency; and however poorly the futilitarians think of civilization as a whole, they are apt to be rather tenderly addicted to the comforts and suavities which the machinery creates. A certain amount of work has to be done to keep the furnaces stoked and the engines going, and it is not quite certain that "What's the use?" will forever be accepted as an excuse for ducking out of it.

It might have been argued, in times past, that if courage is useful, futility is beautiful; for impotence is nothing new, in art or life, and sometimes it has had a certain grace. There was decadence in the 'nineties, but the men of that Jonquil Decade at least tried to be beautifully useless, to give their worthlessness (which, like most literary worthlessness, was mostly pretense) a decorative value. But our current brand of futility is about as unappetizing as any that has ever been offered; it seems to be regarded as its own excuse and justification; graceful living is as much beneath the dignity of a man of feeling as work. To be sure nothing is done at present with any notable suavity; but it does not appear that impotence gains in value by being flung in one's face with a snarl.

It does not even give pleasure, at least to Americans and Western Europeans. From the purely hedonist point of view Mr. Stribling's Tennessee mountaineers are better off than Mr. Huxley's trufflers of the arts; for they please other people quite as much and please themselves a good deal better. The Russians, of course, derive a keen pleasure from the contemplation of their own worthlessness, which has the further advantage of being objectively comic to non-Russians. But our authors cannot be Russian no matter how hard they try; their asplanchnous heroes and halfwit heroines do not even delight themselves.

But it may be argued that if impotence is neither useful nor beautiful, it is what is; that the futilitarian novelists are unflinching realists, truthful reporters of the world as they find it. Well, let us see.

❧ ❧ ❧

The not very subtle symbolism of the hero and heroine of "The Sun Also Rises" is, I suppose, the simplest statement of the philosophy now current among our most admired art authors. Before a world of unprecedented complexity and fascination Man stands helpless, paralyzed by consciousness of his own incurable incapacity; what is the use of trying to live with Life since she would only deceive us with everybody? The argument would be more convincing if it were practised by the author who sets it forth. I do not know whether Mr. Ernest Hemingway gives himself to Life, but he has certainly given a good deal of himself to Work. Not by graceful resignation to insuperable difficulties did he evolve that style, so bare, yet so lucid and suggestive, that it makes any sentence containing ten words, or one semicolon, seem as superfluously ornate as the Ritz Tower. It was his ill fortune, after he had learned to write with economy and effect, that he knew no one worth writing about; one hears that he described accurately the society that centers about the Rotonde and the Dôme, but who cares if he did? One hears also that he is coming home to Chicago, and if he escapes the machine guns for a year or two he may give us something worth reading in itself, and not merely as an exercise in the art of composition. (On the other hand, he may meet the people John Gunther knows, in which case he will have wasted his steamer fare.)

The characters of Mr. John dos Passos find existence a quite irretrievable disaster; in one way or another they give it up, or eventually wish they had. But it was not by giving up that Mr. dos Passos erected the complex structure of "Manhattan Transfer." Jimmy Herf, disgusted with New York and Life, starts off across country toward no known destination; John dos Passos, with apparently the same views, stays in town and goes to work, and gets himself called a realist.

Some men, of course, are so made that in the face of difficulties they curl up and quit; their novels never get into print, though they may diffuse in conversation. But other men have what Captain Furze calls the spirit in them; faced with difficulties they set their teeth and dig in. And so, perhaps, these novels about impotence are a form of literature of escape. Their authors are lazy, like all human beings; they would like to acquire the art of what Miss Cather calls "yielding gracefully to the inevitable or the almost inevitable;" it would be a good deal more comfortable. But inside them is something (is it a hormone?—I am no biologist) which makes them work anyway, and work hard; hence the paradox of industrious novelists writing exacting books about the delights of utter worthlessness.

❧ ❧ ❧

Not, of course, that industry and determination and success have been neglected by recent novelists. We have had plenty of novels about the successful man, but they are concerned with showing that the sweets of triumph turn to ashes in his mouth. Naturally this engaging doctrine, though several thousand years old, is still good for a big sale; we all like to be assured that the grapes were sour. I should be a little more confident of their acidity, however, if the novelists who write about the emptiness of fame and fortune shunned the public view and turned all their royalties into the Authors' League Fund. Read these devastating exposures of the hollowness of Success, and then go out to Long Island or Westchester and look at the country estates of their authors, and you will be driven to conclude that the only wealth and fame that brings satisfaction is the wealth and fame earned by writing devastating exposures of the hollowness of wealth and fame.

I do not object to fairy stories, but I am not persuaded that it does any good to call them realism. No doubt between surtaxes and alimony and arteriosclerosis many rich men lead a hard life, or what looks to them like a hard life. There are probably certain satisfactions which the industrial magnate can never get, but they happen to be satisfactions that he cannot understand, and would not want if he did understand them.

I may be mistaken; I have known only two extremely rich men, nor was I ever privy to the secrets of their hearts. I got near enough to both of them, however, to doubt gravely if their hearts had any secrets. Each of them started from nothing and made a vast fortune, by industrial genius supplemented by the indispensable nose for profit. The type is familiar in American literature, where its exemplar, having reached the summit, looks back over the long ascent and sees that the best of life has eluded him. Not these two men I have in mind. They were never perceptibly dissatisfied with themselves, though other people were often dissatisfied with them and said so in the newspapers; if anything had eluded them, it was because they had not seen it or did not want it. They were shining instances of the truth of Dr. Johnson's remark that self-dependent power can time defy as rocks resist the billows and the sky. Secure of their own approval, they cared nothing about the opinion of anybody else.

I believe that such successful men are the rule and not the exception, and that more truth about our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plutocrats will be found in their autobiographies written by Mr. Burton J. Hendrick than in these penetrating psychological analyses by our realistic novelists. The realists must know better, for most of them are acquainted with rich men; they expose the alleged hollowness of other men's success in order to promote their own success. I do not say they don't earn their money; Lazarus can always get two dollars' worth out of picturing Dives with his tongue hanging out. But it is rather perilous to take fairy stories as literal truth.

To return to Mr. Deeping, he does a little of this fairy-story-telling, as above suggested, in his account of the society to which Mary Viner fled from her farmer; those people had money and nothing else, when in point of fact, by the law of averages, they would probably have had a good deal else. But Mr. Deeping knows better, when he is not cramped by the exigencies of a plot; Stephen Sorrell ultimately made money, and enjoyed it, and was proud of it. He was not so interesting to read about after he had made it as while he was making it, but neither he nor his author pretended that the sweets of achievement were sour.

One must go down, to savor properly the pleasure of climbing up; which probably explains why this reaction has begun in England rather than here. England lost the war, even if the British Empire won it; but England straightway set to work to get back as much as possible of what was gone, and has visibly recovered a good deal of it already. (The people Mr. Aldous Huxley writes about have not helped much in that recovery, and unless human nature has greatly changed they will not enjoy much of the profit.) America used to like success stories, while the country was being built up. Now, for us as a people, the thrill of the hard ascent is gone; we ride at the moment on the top of the wave, and can afford to play with the discovery that all is vanity. A collapse of our uneasy prosperity might bring a change in taste.

It is probably coming, anyway. Just as the overdoing of success stories and he-man fiction at the beginning of the century promoted the reaction toward the all-is-vanity school, so the normal reader (speaking psychiatrically as well as statistically) finds that a little impotence goes a long way. A good deal of the world's great literature has dealt with unsuccessful men, but very little of it with men who quit trying. Consider Roland, who had enough grievances to satisfy even Mr. dos Passos. He was betrayed by a scoundrel, he was overwhelmed by irresistible numbers; he was even allowed the gloomy perception that his own strategical mistakes were partly to blame for his misfortunes. None the less he kept on until he could no longer stand up; when he fell, he managed to expire with grace and dignity; and even as he lay beaten and dying, he made the triumphant Saracens shake in their boots with one blast on his ivory horn.

Mr. Warwick Deeping has ventured a toot on that celebrated trumpet. Unless all signs fail, it will presently be picked up and blown by somebody of greater lung power, and when that happens recruits for the cause will come running. For the Impotents are flying in the face of Nature, a Nature which created the majority of organisms with a tendency to fight rather than quit.

The two Societies of Colonial Dames in New York announce that early in the year 1929 they are to make an award of one thousand dollars for the best work on some phase of the Colonial Period in American history by a citizen or a resident of the State of New York, published during the five years preceding the first of January, 1929, not excluding some particularly fine piece of work as yet, for good reason, unpublished. Preference will be given to authors who have not as yet made any considerable contribution to historical literature. The award will be made on the recommendation of the jury, Dr. Evarts Boutell Greene, Mr. Allan Nevins, Mrs. George Havens Putnam, Miss Lucy Maynard Salmon, Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes.

Nominations of candidates for this award shall be made in writing between January 1, 1927, and January 1, 1929, addressed to Miss Ruth Loomis, chairman of the Joint Committee on the Award for Work in Colonial History, at 24 East 63rd Street, on forms which may be obtained on application to the chairman of the committee.

Each nomination must be accompanied by a copy of the publication (or the manuscript) submitted by the nominee, or on his or her behalf.

The Street and the Investor

MAIN STREET AND WALL STREET. By WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by RAY MORRIS

THIS is an important book, and it will doubtless receive the attention which it merits, and which portions of it have already received as they appeared in magazine form. Professor Ripley discusses, with a wealth of detail based on first-rate knowledge and experience, some of the more important relationships of public finance to the great modern development of the corporate form of doing business. Speaking as an economist, rather than as a lawyer, an accountant or a business man, he notes the immense spread of public ownership in corporate shares, and there are certain features of this development which trouble him. He objects in particular to the loose organization of the modern public utility holding company; he objects to corporate annual reports which contain inadequate information; he objects vigorously to the disfranchising of the stockholder through the device of non-voting shares, and equally vigorously to the device of the no-par-value share. This, on the negative side. On the positive side, he advocates much more democracy in the relationships between shareholders and management; also a greatly tightened public supervision of industrial and public utility companies. He would like to see chartered accountants responsible to the shareholders and not to the management, in the preparation of annual reports, and the formation of supervisory, or check-up committees of shareholders, to represent the shareholders independently of the directors. He would deal rather roughly with the public utility holding company, and he favors some form of

MEREDITH DESTROYING LITERARY FORM
A caricature by E. T. Reed, in *Punch*, July, 1924, reproduced by the permission of the proprietors of *Punch* in S. M. Ellis's "George Meredith" (Dodd, Mead)

See next page

federal charter or control for superstate public utilities.

"The simple, the logical, the inescapable conclusion is that superstate public utilities should be placed under the jurisdiction, either of the Interstate Commerce Commission . . . or else under an amplified Power Commission." . . . "Whether their rates need to be, or practically can be, thus regulated is another matter. But that their accounts ought to be formally standardized and made a matter of current public record is beyond all possible question."

This may perhaps be taken as Professor Ripley's text in the public utility part of his book. In the industrial sections, the following quotations are characteristic:

> The danger arises . . . from the ease with which real responsibility and power, under modern conditions, may often imperceptibly pass from strong and competent hands into others of quite a different sort. . . . What stockholders ought to bring about, and right speedily too, either on private incentive or by induced legislation, is the introduction of shareholders' independent audit, or of general check-up committees. . . . The preferred stockholders and perhaps even the bondholders as well ought to participate in government more than they do. . . . There would be far greater safety all around were they, perhaps not with a hand on the throttle, but at least with a seat in the cab, always in position to exercise a wholesome check upon definite commitments as to policy.

For the general tone of this book—or let me say three books, for there is really a separate treatise on railroads, on public utilities, and on industrials—there is so much praise due that criticism sounds ungenerous and carping. Professor Ripley has endeavored to be wholly fair, and the wealth of specific illustration with which he emphasizes his points is as unique as it is convincing;—convincing, at least, that the author has mastered his subject, and has positive grounds for his conclusions. Many of these conclusions, however, are really highly debatable. Curiously enough, in a gentle but rather thoroughgoing criticism of the work of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which appears in the railroad chapter, Professor Ripley sets forth, quite clearly, the reason why many readers of his book will query the recommendation that superstate public utilities be subjected to the same, or to similar, control. Before the enactment of the Transportation Act of 1920, the Commission was exceedingly timid in the exercise of its rate-making functions; it never quite got over the idea that it was counsel for the shipper against a hostile interest. The Commission's figure for a fair return is 5¾ per cent; it was exceedingly loath to give weight to present-day values in its valuation work, although the Supreme Court, as Professor Ripley points out, "holds substantially for a rate base determined by the cost under the present scale of prices of reproducing the property"—this in the Indianapolis Water case, last fall, while in both the Indianapolis Water case and the New York Consolidated Gas case, the court affirmed the reasonableness of a rate of 7 per cent against value.

Professor Ripley does not say, point blank, that the net result of the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission was to drive investors out of railroad securities, until the Transportation Act of 1920 changed the picture, but he implies it broadly. Why, then, should he desire to subject the public utilities to the same distressing experience?

Perhaps the fundamental difference between the author and the reviewer—or between the author and his business audience—lies in the respective degrees of belief or disbelief in two things; corporate democracy, and the desirability of subjecting commerce or business to rule-making by governmental commissions. On the first point, the picture which Professor Ripley gives of the general stockholder, not with his hand on the throttle, but with a seat in the cab, suggests rather too vividly, in automobile parlance, the deplorable practice of driving from the back seat! The specially emphasized objections to no-par-value shares seem also to lack something of reality. What is a share—what can a share be—except an aliquot part; a method of computing the basis for division of assets or earnings? Long before the present great market development of corporate shares, New England lumber schooners used to be owned in sixteenths and thirty-seconds, and it was the proportionate ownership, not an alleged dollar par value, that counted. No share, issued at $100 par, ever stays there very long; it is worth just what its proportionate part of the assets and earnings is worth, and the market so appraises it, to the best of its information and belief.

Perhaps a short digression is possible at this point on an interesting and new tendency which has manifested itself quite plainly since the war in this country. During the general war period it is perhaps a safe generalization that the standard commodity or bulk type of business got into a very natural condition of over production. Perhaps this is an unavoidable effect of war in any country at any time. Brand business, however, or businesses resting on a well established trade name have found themselves greatly benefited by the rather unexpected development of national advertising during the same period. As a result of these two diverse forces it is obviously true today that there are many bulk businesses—perhaps most bulk businesses—which are earning a rather inadequate return on their sound investment of capital; while there are many brand businesses which are making extremely large earnings per invested dollar and bid fair to continue to do so. The Dodge Brothers' financing troubles Professor Ripley greatly, but in that case the issue circular pointed out with the utmost clarity that the stock financing was good-will financing, not asset financing. The market was apprised of the exact situation in this respect and it chose to like the shares so frankly issued against earning power as distinct from assets. In view of the fact that the published earnings for 1926 show that Dodge Brothers, Inc., earned well over $6 a share on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

combined Class A and Class B stocks, could it not fairly be argued that the market had some justification for liking these shares as an investment, even though they represented no paid-in capital at the time of issue? It would be possible to list many other shares where the paid-in value is high but where the earnings are so low that the market elects to stay out of the situation, and it is certainly arguable that, given a frank statement at the outset, the market is entitled to choose which kind of shares it wants to buy.

For Professor Ripley's earnest desire that the corporate reports on which the market's information and belief are, or ought to be, based, should be clear, frequent, and honest, there can be nothing but the most cordial agreement. As he points out, many of the best of the old line American corporations are the worst offenders in this respect, so that an incomplete statement is not in itself an indication of bad operating practice. Nevertheless, it is probable that every substantial business interest would welcome full details as an essential part of a corporate statement. Whether or not this should be enforced by injecting outside regulatory bodies into the situation, however, is quite another question. My own feeling is that the trend in recent years is strongly in the right direction and that the natural process, if left to itself, will produce the desired result without interference from the outside.

Again let me say that these comments have to do with Professor Ripley's suggested methods of escape from certain situations which alarm him. His presentation of fact is so clear and so admirable and withal so fair that his book ought to be read as a model to show how to set forth complicated situations and how to take a large and quite detached view of what is perhaps the most interesting industrial period that America has ever passed through.

As to the increasing democracy which Professor Ripley so urgently wants in corporate affairs, sometimes one is tempted to wonder just how practical this suggestion is. Would Professor Ripley really rather have shares in a company managed by the public or managed by the management? Sir Frederick Maurice made the following comment in his book "Statesmen and Soldiers of the Civil War" which seems in a way to bear on this.

"I have listened," says Sir Frederick, "to French ministers bemoaning the difficulties of conducting war in a democracy. While it was not unusual to hear Germany's military strength ascribed as in a measure due to her autocratic system of government. Certainly democracy had a very terrible price to pay for victory."

It should be noted that "Main Street and Wall Street" is written primarily for the investor. Books on finance usually have a decidedly limited appeal, and the attention which has been created by such portions of Professor Ripley's book as have already appeared in the magazine is probably quite without precedent.

Radical or Conservative

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF GEORGE MEREDITH, A CENTENARY STUDY. By MARY STURGE GRETTON. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN W. CUNLIFFE
Columbia University

OLDER Meredithians remember with pleasure the publication, nearly twenty years ago, of "George Meredith, Novelist, Poet, Reformer" by Mary Sturge Henderson, particularly the four interpolated chapters on Meredith's poetry by Basil de Sélincourt, which contributed notably to the elucidation of difficult passages in the sage's verse. Mrs. Gretton in this new volume (the older one being long out of print) omits Mr. Sélincourt's contribution, recasts and amplifies her own part, and incorporates a mass of new material—especially Meredith's "Letters;" whereby she is enabled to interweave the moving circumstances of Meredith's life with her interpretation of his novels and poems, to the better understanding of both. In relation to Meredith's first great novel, for instance, it is enlightening to know that "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" was suggested to its author by Herbert Spencer's article on education in the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1858, and by Meredith's own relation to his small son after his desertion by his wife in that year. In discussing "Evan Harrington," however, Mrs. Gretton, with perhaps excessive discretion, refers only in passing to the identification of Mr. and Mrs. Melchiesedek Meredith, George's grandfather and grandmother, with the Great Mel and Mrs. Mel of the novel; the four beautiful daughters—reduced in the novel to three—are consigned to a footnote, and Mrs. Gretton makes no further acknowledgement of the indiscretions of Meredith's cousin, S. M. Ellis, in the first edition of his "George Meredith, His Life and Friends in Relation to his Work," which so gravely offended many of Meredith's friends and admirers. A less understandable omission is the failure to make use of Professor René Galland's "George Meredith, Les Cinquantes Premières Années," which threw considerable light upon the author's early religious training and its abiding influence upon his views of life and literature.

What is most of all significant is that Mrs. Gretton has not moved from the view of Meredith's work she took in 1907. She sees, of course, that the public she is addressing has changed; her earlier book was read in manuscript by Meredith, who was then at the height of his fame and influence, the acknowledged literary head of the English-speaking world.

In 1905 he had received the Order of Merit,—the highest literary distinction the British Crown has to bestow—and by a characteristic display of tact on the part of King Edward, the aged man of letters was not required to attend at Windsor, but received the insignia at the hands of a royal messenger at Box Hill—a distinction particularly appreciated by the recipient. The Oxford dons showed less consideration than the King, for when the University wished to give him an honorary degree, he felt unable to attend in person, and as personal attendance was insisted upon, he was obliged to refuse the honor; but it was felt at the time that the loss was not Meredith's; it was the university's. On the occasion of his eightieth birthday, in February, 1908, the leaders of the literary world in England and the United States laid their homage at his feet. Long before this Meredith had won the acclaim of the critics and of his fellows in authorship; he had at the time of his death in 1909 a wide circle of readers, and a wider circle of people who would have liked to read him if they could, so that a book offering an interpretation of the novels and an introduction to the poetry was sure of a warm welcome. Now the conditions are different: Meredith has taken his place—a high one, though not so high as his later contemporaries thought—among the great names in English literature.

* * *

Mrs. Gretton in this new volume endeavors to explain to the new generation the reverence and enthusiasm with which she wrote in 1907; but she does not recede from, or modify, to any considerable extent, her previous position, and she has left most of her opinions, as expressed twenty years ago, substantially unaltered. She abides by the attitude she took then towards the moral and social problems Meredith discussed. She admits that a good deal of the argument of "Diana of the Crossways," "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," and "The Amazing Marriage" is "dated." "Women refusing the conditions which Mr. Warwick, Lord Ormont, and Fleetwood attempted to impose on their wives could not be regarded as social rebels in England anywhere today." In every civilized country social opinion and social usage have not only caught up to the greater freedom Meredith advocated in these novels—they have gone beyond it. Mrs. Gretton is conscious of the change, but she does not approve of it. She is even driven to asking a hearing for the oppressing husbands:—

> Yet the many desirable changes worked in the last forty years in public opinion have brought with them one effect that Meredith would certainly wish to ignore. A type of mind has arisen which, reacting against lifeless constraints, looks on all social convention and contract as tyrannical, and on self-expression as the only necessity. This type has no place in the "honorable minority" Meredith addresses. In that, a social consciousness, a staunch belief in society, is presumed, in addition of course to personal susceptibilities; otherwise the possessors of those susceptibilities stand marked, Byronlike, as the Comic Spirit's prey. In other words, if we can see nothing at all to be said for the claims of Mr. Warwick, Lord Ormont, and Fleetwood, if because Diana, Aminta, and Carinthia are superior to their lords, we do not feel they have incurred any obligation by their vows, we are not among those for whom Meredith was writing. The art and the labor he expends to justify his exceptions, presuppose the existence of a rule. At the moment when he asks unconventional action of his characters, its effectiveness depends upon the rarity of its occurrence.

This transference of Meredith's name from the radical to the conservative column by the lapse of time is an interesting fact, but surely it is a mistake to assume that if Meredith had been dealing with the problem of "Diana of the Crossways" in 1925, his point of view would have been exactly the same as it was in 1885. As a matter of fact, he was, to the end of his life, still making progress in his view of the necessary steps for the emancipation of women, and in 1904 he caused a considerable flutter of the dovecots of orthodoxy by a newspaper interview which seemed to lend approval to an American suggestion for "trial marriages"—contracts limited in operation to ten years or so. In the passage quoted above, Mrs. Gretton seems to be fairly within the implications suggested by what Meredith wrote, though regard should always be had to the time at which he wrote; when Mrs. Gretton goes on to suggest that Carinthia and her compeers made a mistake which they would not have repeated, she is expressing her own opinion rather than her author's:—

> Overleaping of fences is not Carinthia's title to consideration, any more than it is Nesta's or Aminta's; the qualities of all three are stable and independent of circumstance. Difference between a wise man and a fool probably lies less in the smaller number of mistakes of the wise man than in the fact that he will not fall into the same mistakes twice. Is it not impossible to conceive of Nataly or Countess Fanny, Aminta or Carinthia, as repeating their experiences? In every case, indeed, the exact reverse is stated of them. Their freedom is achieved as a means to an end. And in this—the fact that their quest is for righteousness and wisdom, not for any renewal of sensation, however exalted—is the secret of their peculiar and permanent beauty.

Mrs. Gretton is, in fact, a Victorian, and she clings to the Victorian position of moderate liberty. It is not altogether a disadvantage to her as an exponent and interpreter of a leader of Victorian thought; she is part of the period of which she is writing, and what she loses in detachment, she makes up in knowledge, sympathy, and enthusiasm. She is a vigorous thinker and she writes, if not always simply, at any rate understandingly and understandably; in writing about Meredith, a touch of the Meredithian style is not out of place. One would like to believe that this new book of hers will lead, as did her earlier volume, to a more extended knowledge and appreciation of Meredith's work; but the times have changed, and while it may be true that the radicals of each succeeding century are regarded as conservative by the next generation, it is also true that each generation prefers to take its radicalism fresh, before it has, by mere lapse of time, acquired the ripeness of old age.

Perennial Hardy

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF THOMAS HARDY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

IT is almost if not quite impossible to write anything of value about a poet of the calibre of Thomas Hardy. The only useful word that criticism can say of him will perhaps be said fifty years hence, when—it is to be hoped—England may produce another poet to match with him. But most of us will not be living then, and we must do what we can with our limited perspective.

The expert, or the fanatic, who has steeped himself in Hardy's poetry from beginning to end,—and the present writer may claim to be an expert and a fanatic in this respect,—may have a few points to offer of interest. In the first place it is to be noted that of recent years a few of the bolder spirits in English poetry have begun to question the opinion which began to prevail about the time of the war, that Hardy the poet was more important than Hardy the novelist. A new generation of readers have sprung up who openly prefer the novels to the poetry. And this slight reversal of judgment has been helped by the publication of "Late Lyrics and Earlier," as well as "Human Shows," both of which were in a sense after thoughts and weakened

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY ..... *Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT ..... *Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN ..... *Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... *Contributing Editor*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office, at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. III. No. 29.

Copyright, 1927, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

repetitions. It is apparent that Hardy's fame as a poet apart from "The Dynasts" will stand or fall on "Satires of Circumstance" and "Moments of Vision" with the addition of a sheaf gathered at random from "Late Lyrics," "Poems of the Past and Present," and "Time's Laughingstocks." "Human Shows" is as much an excrescence on this main body of work as is "Wessex Poems."

The second point to be noted is that Hardy offers to the reader no prevailing unity of subject matter. He writes mostly about Wessex, it is true, because he happens to live there. But he is equally able to write about an Atlantic iceberg, the United States, Napoleonic or modern warfare, Shelley, or a dozen other subjects. His mind is various and he is—despite his generally fatalistic outlook—as liable to swift changes of mind as most of us. Indeed, he has forestalled criticism in this respect by saying of one of his early collections, "It will probably be found, therefore, to possess little cohesion of thought or harmony of purpose. Unadjusted impressions have their value, and the way to a true philosophy of life seems to lie in humbly recording divers readings of its phenomena, as they are forced upon us by chance and change."

Many of the most modern poets in England or America would not here agree with Hardy. Their feeling is rather that a poet is not worth his salt unless he can fuse into a single coherent work all the diverse phenomena of life. The Georgians have sated and jaded everybody with their extremely competent but thought-empty lyrics. Intellectuality in poetry is now in fashion, and the long poem has come back to stay. Insofar as Hardy has confined himself to short expressions of mood, single lyrics, he is an impressionist in vision and an individualist in philosophy—and neither are now precisely in favor. What we have to say of him then, is that he is a major poet whose influence is somewhat on the wane with the younger generation. Such a position may not appear so attractive as the position of undisputed master which Hardy attained about the time of the war. But it enables us to define the abiding and perennial quality of his work somewhat better than we did in those days.

It may be said without hesitation or doubt whatsoever that Hardy employs a magnificent style in poetry as in prose. Despite his occasional flounderings into rusticity, in which he follows Wordsworth, he, like Wordsworth, is a superb stylist. His style is not like George Moore's (whose perfectly idiotic and drivelling libel will perhaps be remembered by some of my readers) a cleverly worked up and highly polished pastiche covering uniform banality of thought and feeling. No; it is flexible, this style, able to compass the simplicity of "On a Midsummer Eve," the asperity of "Satires of Circumstance," the complexity of "The Two Rosalinds." It is a style peculiarly adapted to a certain brooding reflective type of mind. It is slow moving, sedate, solemn. One is reminded of Gauguin's remark about Cézanne, "Cézanne plays the grand organ constantly." Well, Hardy is like Cézanne. He, too, plays the grand organ constantly.

This may to a certain extent explain the lack of popularity outside of England of Hardy as an author, compared with his popularity in the British Isles. I should almost be inclined to bet that next to the Prince of Wales the most popular figure in England today lives in legendary seclusion at Max Gate. Shaw may be almost equally popular, but he is an Irishman. The reason why Hardy is liked in England, and unliked abroad, is simply then that his work is English to its marrow. There is something that can only be found between Dover Straits and the Irish Sea in the restraint, the dignity, the profound yet subdued poignance of this style:

There had been years of passion—caustic, cold,
And much despair, and anger heaving high
Cares mutely watching, sorrows manifold,
Among the young, among the weak and old
And the pensive spirit of pity whispered "Why?"
Men had not paused to answer. Foes distraught
Pierced the thinned peoples in a brute-like blindness;
Philosophies that sages long had taught
And selflessness, were as an unknown thought
And "Hell!" and "Shell!" were yapped at lovingkindness.

There is a dreamlike quality to the whole which seems to make it remote from our daily concerns. Yet it was written at the time of the armistice, which for many people was the beginning of their world. And what a flash as of a violent sun thrusting through clouds comes to the last line, or later on in this poem where

all was hushed. The about-to-fire fired not,
The aimed-at moved away in trance-lipped song.
One checkless regiment slung a clinching shot
And paused. . . .

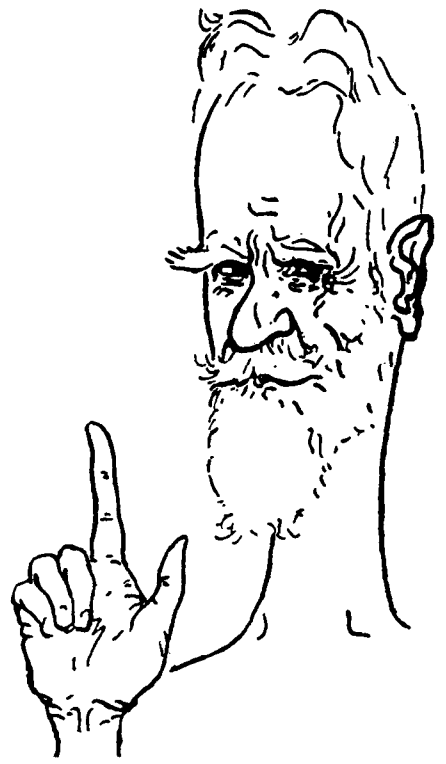
Qwertyuiop

II

(*Concluded*)

THERE were promising young men in that first year of our survey, fifteen years ago. We have already mentioned some of them. Collins, of course, was a young man with a great future, according to the pronouncement of Cornelius McGillicuddy,—but then that's baseball. In literature there was a young Englishman, Compton Mackenzie, beloved of the younger generation of his time for his youthful and vivid novel, "Carnival." There was a young American named Alfred A. Knopf who had just about then graduated from Columbia, no one being able to prophesy that he would later turn loose a bounding white borzoi in the pasture of American publishing. For that matter there was a young man named Alfred Harcourt travelling for Henry Holt and Company east of the Mississippi and for Desmond Fitzgerald through the west to the Coast, though no one (once again) foresaw the firm of Harcourt, Brace & Co. Neither did this Alfred dream that one of his first best-sellers, "Main Street," would flow from the pen of a certain red-headed young man then working down at Spring and MacDougal Streets, on *Adventure*, in the office of Arthur Sullivan Hoffman.

Yes, promising young men, in authorship, in editorship, in publishing were industriously occupied



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
Drawing by Capek
From "Letters from England"—(*Doubleday, Page*)

all over New York cursing their jobs of the moment because larger, more gorgeous dreams wavered before their mental vision, and, at the same time, sticking to those jobs and learning from them that which would stand them in good stead when their own dreams of independent publishing came true; or amassing therefrom material for the short stories and novels they intended eventually to write.

Of course, if you had dreams of your own publishing house you might have been jolted a bit by a catastrophe of the period. I refer to the big fire in the Builders' Exchange at 29, 31, and 33 West 32nd Street. This building then housed the Oxford University Press on the third floor, Henry Holt & Company on the fifth floor, D. Appleton and Company on the seventh, George H. Doran on the eighth, and the Encyclopædia Britannica on the ninth. It was in the heart of the hotel district. The conflagration started sometime after eleven thirty on a Monday night and gutted half the floors. Fire Chief Kenlon made his way to the roof of the burning building and stood there directing tons of water into it from water-towers and twenty or thirty engines that the four alarms had called forth. The street was jammed with apparatus and the crowd on Broadway was thick as swarming bees. Appleton lost severely in office furniture and fixtures and valuable files, but not in stock. Doran's records remained intact but the stock loss from water was pretty bad. Holt and the Oxford Press also sustained losses from water. But the underwriters' companies had responded promptly with tarpaulins. Doran's big loss was fortunately insured. Their new temporary offices across the street were in running order in twenty-four hours. The fire had been overawed by the eminence of the Encyclopædia Britannica and had skipped that floor, though the Britannica's circularizing room and stock and shipping rooms were damaged by water.

But, after all, such a catastrophe was a mere pinprick to the publishing business. Many firms flourished. Of the old guard, to pick certain instances of good titles and good-sellers, the Century Company had brought out Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "Tante" in the latter part of January, a novel which had already been enthusiastically praised in England; Scribner's profited by continuing big sales of Thompson-Seton's "The Arctic Prairies" and Page's "Robert E. Lee: Man and Soldier," Harper's had Rex Beach, Kate Langley Bosher (whose "Mary Cary" was very popular), "The Street Called Straight," and was bringing out Dreiser's early "Sister Carrie" in a uniform edition with his later "Jennie Gerhardt."

In Boston, Houghton Mifflin was doing well with Meredith Nicholson's "A Hoosier Chronicle," novels by Richard Pryce and Charles D. Stewart, and Mary Antin's "The Promised Land." In Indiana, Bobbs-Merrill, now un-Nicholsoned, was publishing Emerson Hough, George Randolph Chester, and Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. Back to New York, Holt had Dorothy Canfield and was bringing out the then pristine "Home Book of Verse" by Burton E. Stevenson; the same Stevenson was writing mystery such as "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet" for Dodd, Mead, which firm has consistently developed an interesting list of detective fiction. They were then publishing Arthur B. Reeve's "The Silent Bullet," for instance, and Gillette's "Secret Service" done into a novel by Cyrus Townsend Brady. Doubleday swore by Corra Harris, the Williamsons, Gene Stratton-Porter; Moffat, Yard then had J. C. Snaith, Storer Clouston, and Reginald Wright Kauffmann; Ben Huebsch was going in for such titles as "The Theories of Evolution," "Our Judicial Oligarchy," "Applied Socialism," and, at the same time, advertising his annual and perpetual yearbooks and putting forth a popular type of diary. Speaking of that the Dodge company flourished at the time by cherishing as the apple of their eye the largest American-made list of calendars, upon which was displayed the work of the most popular American illustrators of the day. Maxfield Parrish, Frederic Remington, Charles Dana Gibson, C. Allan Gilbert, Jessie Wilcox Smith, Penfield, and Leyendecker.

Brentano's had always had Shaw, and had finally issued him in a sixteen volume set and now rejoiced to see "Three Plays by Brieux" on the "best seller" list, "Damaged Goods" being considered the most daring drama of the time. Novels in those piping times sold for a dollar fifty and A. L. Burt reprinted copyright fiction to retail at fifty cents. They had recently added to their large list McCutcheon, Curwood, "Elizabeth in Rügen," "Bella Donna," and "Septimus."

As one runs through the old titles it seems astonishing how many of the novelists of fifteen years ago are still holding a place for themselves today. W. J. Locke, Robert Hichens, "Elizabeth," Curwood, McCutcheon, and one could name as many more. Some have repeated and repeated their old formula. "Elizabeth" was always, of course, in a class by herself, and yet somehow widely popular. But you will say by now that all the books, or by far the larger part of the books I have dredged up from that dim antiquity are fairly negligible,—and, of course you are right. There was too much of such popularizing as

There is now once more to say
May 18th is Molly Day;
The plan has caught on just like fire,
The orders come by mail and wire.

Though who was responsible for that coeval poetic burst on behalf of "The Melting of Molly" I have not the remotest idea. Better it would be to rehearse the best novels that were produced. "Tante" still stands as excellent work. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's "The Chink in the Armour" remains as one of the best stories of crime and terror that she or anyone else for that matter has written. (You remember the old colloquy, of course: Customer, "Have you any books on the Yellow Peril?" Librarian, "Yes, we have the 'Chink in the Armour.'") In 1911 Edith Wharton had published her masterly "Ethan Frome." To me Mackenzie's "Carnival" remains

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not only his best book but a novel that wears exceedingly well. Such books of poetry as James Stephens's "The Hill of Vision" and Lascelles Abercrombie's "Emblems of Love" contain enduring work. There was "Zuleika Dobson." And, if there was great acclaim for "The Sick-Abed Lady" (Help!) there was also appreciation of "Hilda Lessways." If Mrs. Myrtle Reed's books were "just beautiful," Wells's "The New Machiavelli" was also receiving attention—not that it is one of his best. Albert Bigelow Paine's biography of Mark Twain remains a valuable work of reference. That's just to name a few varied highlights.

And, for every "highlight," there are, of course, many and many books that stuff Time's dustbin. But the growth of a literature is necessarily attended by almost incalculable wastage. It was so then, and is so today.

(*To be continued in a fortnight*)

Blind Humanity

WEDLOCK. By JACOB WASSERMANN. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

FEW experiences depress a reader more than plodding through second-rate second novels by authors who have made a promising beginning. The converse I find is also true: seldom have I been more cheered and encouraged about the trade of authorship than by Jacob Wassermann's latest book. To be sure it is far from exact to speak of "Wedlock" as a second book. It happens to be the second I have read but I understand that Wassermann wrote twenty, more or less, before "The World's Illusion" made him known to English readers, and this is at least the fourth to be translated. I have not read the others because when everybody was talking about "The World's Illusion" I read part of it and decided to go no further. I thought I had his number. Apparently I was wrong.

For this is not a scenario. It is not about supermen. No symbolic Aphrodites elude the muddy-booted mob in Dives to Death; no Saintly Millionaires espouse Lady Poverty. There are no Hell's Kitchens in it, no Dens of Titled Vice. This is a real novel where real people flounder through their not very intelligently planned but not entirely hopeless or futile real lives.

The central figure, Laudin, the prosperous, intellectual well-known lawyer, appears in every outward way a solid pillar of society, but under his mask he is weary with the exactions of business and heartsick with his middle-aged knowledge of life. Without knowing it he has long ago drifted away from his wife and children; he has lost faith in his work and found no other faith. In this mood of detachment and distaste for everything he has known he meets a brilliant young actress.

"Oh, yes," you say, "the same old story." But it isn't. That's the point. That is what convinces me of Wasserman's growth. It starts like the old story. Laudin falls for the lady like any young collegian, neglects his family, his business, lets her slather his money; but his obsession doesn't entirely paralyze his trained brain. A little corner of it, often submerged, comes occasionally to the surface, stays aloof, watching and wondering at the rest of himself playing the adolescent fool, suspects that his mature taste cannot be satisfied with adolescent fodder, craves something more satisfying than a pretty mistress, and when his romanticism tries to make a goddess of the enchantress, sees and judges clearly trait after trait, demolishes the illusion—till in the end it brings him back to sanity and the understanding that though the world may be out of joint, the way of escape for him at least is not to obey the first impulse that comes along. All that, granted the character, is true psychology and high art.

It is not all as good as that. Like any other foreign book, no matter how competent the translator, some passages sound heavy. None sound felicitous. The style is nowhere more than passable. Worse than this the construction is neither adroit nor smooth: necessary information is at times dragged in by the hair and dumped before the reader.

But are such faults fatal? Isn't the vital question with any novel: has it the breath of life? For me this clumsily wrought, deeply felt novel has. Laudin lives, so (especially toward the end) does Pia, his thoughtful, loyal, inexpressive wife. Lou Dercum, the actress, part genius part Venus, mostly spoiled, non-moral child . . . with a child's free-flowing string of lies and a child's lack of coherent purpose enough to make her fibs hang together . . . is well drawn from the outside, a realistic because un-idealized Vamp. May Ernvolt, the mystic, is the only main character who doesn't quite come off. Wasserman seems to see in her more than he gets over to me. But the rowdy gang of actors are capital, especially Keller, Lou's husband. He is only a sketch but a masterly one. The old Diogenes, Frauendorfer, is a creation. Many have tried their hands at such a type—the broken-hearted father facing the world with gruff, assumed cynicism; mostly they have failed by slopping over into sentimentality. Wassermann succeeds; the old man is a rarely touching character.

These living people, the main personages of the book, live their lives in the foreground of the reader's attention, while behind them moves a procession of more or less visualized cases which come constantly and naturally to Laudin's ears as they would to those of any practising lawyer (the father confessor of modern society). Some of these stories ring true, others sound a trifle forced; but taken altogether they make a powerful Greek chorus reiterating the main theme of the book: that with all our material cleverness we are far (perhaps farther than ever) away from understanding the purpose of our lives, incapable of attaining even a low standard of harmonious living with one another, so blind, so stupid, so warped by malice, so befogged by outworn customs, that the justice of our courts is a skeleton from which the body has rotted away.

What is the solution? Wassermann is too sincerely honest to offer anything very definite. He holds out a little hope of a better future for the world when the men and women who make it up individually get understanding, purify their motives. He leaves the hero and his wife together in the half-way happy ending, convinced only that the way they have gone was the wrong one, that perhaps they can find a better way if they try hard enough. As Pia says among the cast-off rubbish in the attic, "Enough of this: we must now begin with something else." It all comes back to the haunting old text, "There are better dreams."

A Hostage for the Future

GREEN FOREST. By NATHALIE SEDGWICK COLBY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by LLOYD MORRIS

THIS novel introduces an authentic talent, abundantly nourished by passion and energy, and still somewhat uncertain in performance. As performance "Green Forest" is more interesting and provocative than distinguished. But its implications are so persuasive that one reads it rather with the enjoyment of anticipation than with the conviction of achievement. It is an admirable hostage for future excellence, and its chief significance is its promise.

Almost inevitably "Green Forest" invites comparison with Virginia Woolf's "Mrs. Dalloway," which it closely resembles in narrative method, in certain elements of character and situation, and in emotion. Both books are essentially studies in sentiment. Mrs. Woolf illuminates sentiment by wit, and produces an effect of irony; Mrs. Colby accepts sentiment at its own valuation, adds to it the casualties of circumstance, and produces melodrama. Both novelists have chosen, as central characters, middle-aged women, cultivated, fastidious, endowed with more sensibility than intelligence, incurably romantic and sentimental. Both novelists situate the reader within the consciousnesses of their characters; Mrs. Woolf, to illustrate the discrepancy between the realism of perception and the romanticism of memory and imagination; Mrs. Colby, for the purpose of exhibiting character under the stress of events. Mrs. Woolf makes her point by dispensing entirely with plot; her concern is with the psychological processes which turn events into experience. Mrs. Colby is concerned less directly with these processes, and employs them as a medium only. Her major preoccupation is a series of events in the life of a character, a plot which might be, but is not, narrated in the straightforward manner of the traditional novel. Despite the complication of narrative method, "Green Forest" is strictly traditional in its materials. And it is more than a trifle mechanical in its plot.

Mrs. Colby employs an exacting technique very skilfully. Her skill is evident in a vitality of portraiture which is the signal merit of "Green Forest." Since the reader is restricted to the consciousness of Shirley Challoner and the other characters exist only as they enter that consciousness, these characters might be expected to be as insubstantial as reflections in a mirror. This, however, is not the case. The passion and energy which are absorbed by Mrs. Colby's creation of character are communicated to the reader as vitality. And although the characters are perceived only through the medium of Shirley's perception, they emerge with an independent and individual existence. This effect is perhaps the more remarkable in that three characters who dominate the narrative are physically absent from the scene, a transatlantic liner *en route* between New York and Cherbourg. These three characters are Shirley's dead husband, her lover who is in New York, and the fiancé of her hard-boiled flapper daughter. In making them convincing and vital Mrs. Colby scores a considerable achievement.

Notwithstanding its slightly excessive sentimentality and its artificial plot, "Green Forest" compels recognition of its author's talent. Mrs. Colby's future work will be awaited with anticipation by readers of her first novel.

MacLeish Emerges

STREETS IN THE MOON. By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

FROM the first it was obvious that Archibald MacLeish had something to say, something that, in spite of the many-voiced chorus of modern American poetry, had not been said. But, even on the point of clearest revelation, his utterance would often thicken and become confused with echoes. "The Happy Marriage" opened with a note too Robinsonian to escape comparison; "The Pot of Earth" owed a little to Aiken's music and relied on T. S. Eliot not only for its structure, its manipulation of "plot," and juxtaposition of opposites, but for its very inflection, its free use of dissonances, its rich, allusive texture. But "The Happy Marriage" sounded, although tentatively, a metaphysic very different from E. A. Robinson's, and "The Pot of Earth" vibrated with an affirmative passion not at all like that in Mr. Eliot's world which ends "not with a bang, but with a whimper." In "Streets in the Moon" the complete MacLeish emerges. There are still traces of the Eliot technique, but it is used less as a borrowed form and more as an implicit "influence." Eliot's "tone" may have directly affected only a few of the younger poets, but it is impossible to gauge how far those few (who happen to be sounding some of the most arresting notes) are affecting a generation. It was so in the case of Gertrude Stein. Unreadable to 99 per cent of even the literary world, her insistent tonality, her almost maddening repetitions are not only being accepted but relished by readers who, unaware of the origin, discover "a new note" in the prose of Sherwood Anderson, Waldo Frank, Ernest Hemingway, James Joyce, and the short stories of H. D.

But MacLeish is now firmly himself in temperament as well as *timbre*. No man in America is making such daring—and usually successful—experiments toward a new poetic language. What this speech may become may be approximated after a reading of MacLeish's "Prologue," "Interrogate the Stones," "Signature for Tempo," "The Too-late Born," "Eleven." These are not the best or even the most quotable poems in this volume, but they indicate a significant progress toward a poetry which is as much a poetry of the future as the once incomprehensible orchestration of Wagner is the almost derided *cliché* of today. One may already —granting nothing more than prejudice temporarily restrained—see the beginnings of that speech in the dissimilar experiments of E. E. Cummings, Laura Riding Gottschalk, Allen Tate, Hart Crane: a free employment of discordants; an attempt at almost scientific exactitude; the continual clash of intellect too disillusioned for faith, distrusting emotion, and finding nothing to fall back upon except itself. These are only a few of the characteristics which MacLeish shapes into a most distinctive idiom and crystallizes into what, for all its superficial looseness, is an intensification of form. Examine, as an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instance, his "Ars Poetica"—or even the part of it which is quoted:

A poem should be palpable and mute
As a globed fruit

Dumb
As old medallions to the thumb

Silent as the sleeve-worn stone
Of casement ledges where the moss has grown—

A poem should be wordless
As the flight of birds

A poem should be equal to:
Not true

For all the history of grief
An empty doorway and a maple leaf

For love
The leaning grasses and two lights above the sea—

A poem should not mean
But be

No scoffer of the "new" poetry could fail to recognize this as "the pure thing." With the exception of Humbert Wolfe's "Iliad" it is the best poem on poetry that has appeared in the last fifty years; it says a number of pointed and profound things with a quiet certainty that has nothing to do with time or changing tastes. And yet it is a new thing in the world. Technically alone, its effects are as splendid as they are surprising, achieved with the utmost ease and simplicity. Only the craftsman will appreciate the courage of MacLeish's suspensions, the dexterously concealed interior rhymes, the perfection of his timing. But it needs no knowledge of harmony and counterpoint to relish the neatness of MacLeish's epithets, the choice of his details and the faintly acrid music in which he has set it.

There are, it must be admitted, uneasy pages in "Streets in the Moon" as well as unimpeachable ones. What must trouble the sympathetic reader is very likely MacLeish's own trouble: he does not always know where the experiment ends and the poem begins. A few of these exhibits are little more than the jargon of textbook and laboratory in polysyllabic cacophony; the long "Einstein," in spite of occasional flashes, must be (let us hope) an early, resurrected work, conceived in what might be called an Aiken void. But immediately following this over-reaching study in disintegration appears one of the most eloquent proofs of MacLeish's importance. Not a war-poem, it says more about the war—with a wealth of sudden implications—than any poetry since Sassoon's. Yet not for the beat of a line does MacLeish cease to be his own poet. Witness this excerpt from "Memorial Rain" in which the ambassador's speech over the graves of young soldiers and the throw-back of the poet's mind are brilliantly juxtaposed:

Reflects that these enjoy
Their country's gratitude, that deep repose,
That peace no pain can break, no hurt destroy,
That rest, that sleep—

At Ghent the wind rose.
There was a smell of rain and a heavy drag
Of wind in the hedges but not as the wind blows
Over fresh water when the waves lag
Foaming and the willows huddle and it will rain:
I felt him waiting.

—Indicates the flag
Which (may he say) enisles in Flanders' plain
This little field these happy, happy dead
Have made America—

In the ripe grain
The wind coiled glistening, darted, fled,
Dragging its heavy body: at Waereghem
The wind coiled in the grass above his head:
Waiting—listening—

MacLeish, in spite of his definite manner, is by no means "mannered." He has yet to choose between the colloquial ironies of "Corporate Entity" and "The Literary Colyumist" and the new academism (pedantry turned upside down) of "Hearts and Flowers" and "Apostrophe for Autumn." He still has to perfect his designs upon the page where frequently he is merely playing with typography. His subject-matter, conceived in amplitude, is in itself of the largest proportions; it concerns the struggle of man thrown against the unknown, voicing a continual "Why" and "Where." Provoked by these gnawing questions in the very pit of being, MacLeish communicates an unusual "sense of infinity." We need ask little more of such a poet; MacLeish need no longer "promise," he has emerged.

The Bowling Green

Side Lights on Toulemonde

BILL, it was cert'nly queer about Toulemonde.
The 6.25 got in at the reg'lar time,
6.30; and he simply wasn't there.
Never did show up. I gave the papers
The usual obit-stuff. But you know, Bill,
What a frame-up that tripe always is.

Worst of it is, we never had our talk.
Pity we both were shy. I always planned
To get that guy backed off into a corner,
Crank him with some Bisquit Dubouché,
Pull out the choke, and let his engine run.
He needed it. In fragments of palaver
I'd catch his eye upon me, knew damn well
He had some curious matter to impart.
Some overset on his galleys, you might say.
Despite that air of telling all he knew
How little he really told. The odds and ends
That I remember, wouldn't make a story.
You know as well as I what makes a story.
Yes, too damn well we know. That's just our trouble.

He said, for instance, that in Bryant Park
There is a Sparrow Tree, right by the corner
Above the newsstand. Told me that that tree
Is simply black, at dusk, with crowded sparrows
Shouting some indignation of their own.
Plainly, he said, a sort of plebiscite,
Unanimous as a hurry of commuters;
And if I had a farthing, he remarked,
I'd buy two of them from the Park Department
And find out what the chirping's all about.
Sparrows often hang around by news-stands.
They feed on dung and then they climb a tree
And shout, he said. I wonder what he meant.

Sixth Av'nue always troubled him, I think:
Its shining verticals notched on opal light,
Great bulks of terrace, anxious to the mind.
Scientific American says a sign
In ruby red; opposite, *Duo Art;*
The Library lies low between the two.
He found some symbol there: I don't know what.
Even an office exit, marked as such,
Which, read from outward, *TUO,* pleased him oddly.
Particular hopes were vested in that office,
He liked to be tutoyer'd by a door:
The Latin dative was so intimate,
And so he always entered by the exit.
He had some notions, equally absurd,
About the gesticulating colored maid
Who demonstrates a couch-bed in a window,
These trifles, I believe, he dwelt upon
To keep his mind from lingering on the fury
Of summits blazoned in such colored light,
The pyre of his brave day. We'd had at least
Four Scotches when I heard him murmuring
"God, what a bonfire my Manhattan flames
To celebrate the fall of my dear day,
Sweet day that was my fortress, my renown,
My hold and keep against the troops of Time,
Now sieged and sacked and cindered, wreathed in fire,
I fugitive. Just so Aeneas saw
The pines of Ida burning over Troy."

Evidently, he was a little soused:
Sober, he did not like alliteration.
One night, near the Paramount, he said
"I wish that Matthew Arnold could have seen it."
Embarrassed to have seemed intelligentsia
He dived into the subway. Well you see
There was no real Story in these things.

But still it bothers me to think how many
Ideas he called 'important' stayed unsaid.
He asked me once, the rascal, if I liked
The taste of eyebrows. Eyebrows, he alleged,
Were sweet to bite and made the daintiest crunch.
Outrageous, yes; quite a surprising phase;
And then he said, with sudden gravity
Forbidding chaff, that he saw Beauty once
"Laughing and pure and garmented with light."

Bill, another thing that bothers me:
I remember so much better what I said
To him, than what he ever said to me.
Some curious receptiveness in him
That drew me on to spill *my* fool confessions
Instead of hearing what he had to say.
And yet I call myself a good reporter—
Gosh, if we lived it over I'd keep still.
He had suspicions of the infinite,
As much as one can ask of any man.
The way he said that line sticks in my head . . .
"Laughing and pure and garmented with light."
Say, behind that much too jovial vein
I think he lived with marvel, and guessed more
Than he let on. Oh well, maybe we all do.
It's quite too much for me. Page Havelock Ellis!

I wrote him once; I was a little worried
About some kind of wildness in his manner,
His anchors weren't fluked down in holding ground.
Tell me if you're happy, Toulemonde,
I wrote. Yes, idiotic. He replied:
"Even the sweetest pipe, my dear old son,
Sometimes fills your mouth with nicotine.
But there's a lot of gorgeous Silence here,
I glut myself with Silence. It's rich diet,
Dyspeptic to my bowels. But one comfort
I have, and wish that all could say the same:
If ever I loved anyone on earth
I always made a point to tell them so.
It's dangerous. But what evenings I have had
Halfway between Orion and The Bear."

The other day, Bill, in a movie studio
I saw a queer arrangement of contraptions
For one of their trick photographic stunts.
Background, a dark screen cascading water;
A pool, made of a mirror, to reflect
Queer lights; a V-shaped aperture to look
Like jags of rock; and on a canted runway
(Whereon their massive camera would tilt)
There sat a pensive man who brooded sombre
On the validity of his device,
And whether the wenches in synthetic samite
Posing in that grot of carpentry
Would really give the effect that he intended
Of Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.
Who is, I asked my guide, the troubled Dante?
It's The Illusion Director, they explained.

Illusion Director! How old Toulemonde
Would have enjoyed the little episode,
Found in it analogues for God Almighty,
And even for himself.
Say, listen Bill, some day let's get together
And talk about some queer stuff of our own.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"Literature has drawn its recruits from many quarters," says *John O'London's Weekly,* "and there is scarcely a trade or profession known to man which has not furnished its quota to the ranks of those who write. On the face of it, there would hardly appear to be a more prosaic occupation than that of banking, and between the keeping of ledgers and the writing of lyrics a great gulf might well seem to be fixed. None the less, England can boast her banker-poets.

"Perhaps the most famous of them all was Samuel Rogers. 'The pleasures of Memory,' with which he established his fame, has, it is to be feared, but few readers today. Yet there were not wanting those to hail it as a masterpiece. Rogers was the son of a banker, and in 1793 he became head of his father's business. An adequate—indeed, ample—income having been thus assured, he was able to devote much of his spare time to literary pursuits. He befriended many needy men of letters, and his 'breakfasts' were famous throughout literary London.

"Among his friends and correspondents were Byron—who ranked him above Wordsworth and Coleridge—Thomas Moore, Charles Lamb, Tennyson, and William Lisle Bowles, the parson-poet. His 'Jacqueline,' which was published in 1814, appeared (anonymously) in the same volume as Byron's 'Lara.' Byron never lost his regard for Rogers, as is evidenced by the following incident related in a letter by Lord Macaulay to some relatives:

When Lord Byron passed through Florence, Rogers was there. They had a good deal of conversation, and Rogers accompanied him to his carriage. The inn had fifty windows in front. All the windows were crowded with women, mostly English women, to catch a glance at their favorite poet. Among them were some at whose houses he had often been in England, and with whom he had often lived on friendly terms. He would not notice them, or return their salutations. Rogers was the only person he spoke to.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

The United States

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. A History by THOMAS JEFFERSON WERTENBAKER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER
Author of "A History of the United States"

THE vision of a history of the United States which shall present an accurate and, at the same time, entertaining account of the country's progress in a comparatively brief compass, that it may be brought within the covers of a single volume, has been before us for a long time. Various endeavors have been made to achieve the end in view, none of them very successful; though the demand on the side of the publisher, as on the side of the reader too, quite probably exists and needs some day to be satisfied. Another essay in this field has been undertaken by a professor in Princeton University. Mr. Wertenbaker attacks the subject without gloves. He has about 470 pages octavo, large print, at his disposition and, full of his duty of making his subject "interesting," he writes the story from 1492 to the present year of grace.

It is ungracious to assail a work so pretentious in its object. Yet it would not be very feasible to praise it, did it not in some measure fulfil its purposes. The compression of a history of a country, or its people, presupposes the command of that history in fulness and detail. The impression must prevail that the author, in this case, is not thus equipped for the task that he has chosen. He, therefore, is not very well able to take the essential facts and make them into a narrative which can carry us through four centuries feeling that we are in the hands of a competent cicerone. With emphasis on the importance of making himself "fascinating," to meet the requirements of the description on the "jacket," and of becoming a successful rival of the "decade" authors and other journalist-biographers and historians, he fills his pages with adjectives, floridities, accounts of the knee pants, queues, curly hair, and the large noses and mouths of the men he selects for treatment, instead of giving us information about the matters of importance which cry out for consideration and use. To make the narrative the more seductive to the customer for the much-wanted one volume account of the annals of our country many sentences are put into quotation marks, so that the pages have the appearance of fiction instead of that stodgy and forbidding thing which history is accounted to be. In one place we meet this statement: "Just as ceaseless contact with wood is essential to the proper development of the woodpecker's bill, so is opposition the life of a political party." So much may indeed be true, but the writer who wishes to indulge himself in such images ought, we think, to have more than 470 pages in which to develop his thesis, were it his wish at the same time and in this space to deal honestly with the entire history of a continent which is the home alike of the woodpecker and of several political parties.

Some of the writers of "short histories" add bibliographies to their chapters, or find a few pages at the end of the book for classified references to the source material. There is not a reference in footnote or appendix to any fountain touched by this author in the work of gathering the great mass of knowledge that has furnished out his mind for the business of telling us what it is worth our while, and what it is our right, to know about American history in one small book. The author, doubtless, was of the opinion that his work would be no better for this, and he likely is correct in the view. It is essentially immaterial whether we have chapter and verse, or collateral reading guides; for whosoever shall be satisfied with what Mr. Wertenbaker is giving him will not require more, and whosoever shall not be satisfied will, perhaps, crave better direction.

How the author has disposed of his subject after the Civil War (Lincoln is shot on page 360) may be guessed when we know that there is a chapter of 15 pages on "Reconstruction," 13 pages on "The Changing Order," which carries us from the Pittsburgh Strikes to Henry Ford; 15 pages on "A Nation Moving West," a like number on "Dominion Over Palm and Pine," with similar dabs at "The New Freedom" (whatever this may be), "The European Maelstrom," and "Problems—Solved and Unsolved." The greatest of the "problems unsolved" continue to be the writing of a history of the United States in one volume.

On Education

THE FOUNDATIONS OF EDUCATION. By J. J. FINDLAY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by C. MOLANPHY

J. J. FINDLAY, professor of education at the University of Manchester, and for many years associated with the English private and public schools, has just issued the first volume of his latest work, "The Foundations of Education."

The scope of the first volume of this study was planned to cover the aims and organization of education. There are many who will object to this plan of work, since by organization, Dr. Findlay means the mechanics of administration.

It is futile to discuss organization before we decide what is to be taught. The entire structure of the school system depends on that, because it is according to curricula that we shall grade our schools. Once the school exists in the pupils, subject matter and the teachers' organization will evolve. If the existing scheme of organization is faulty, it is not merely a matter of administration or of educational polity. It does not refer only to questions of financing or of county divisions. We are not concerned in dealing with numbers, we are to train individuals. Dr. Findlay feels that the topic of curricula is best treated in a second volume. Few will concur in that opinion. It is because school organizations have been a *tour de force* to provide for the registration of the school population and their assignment to some group or other that we have had failure. There has been frantic desire to place, without regard to the needs and potentialities of the student. Once placed, a superhuman struggle must be made if the subject is to win through to his proper grouping. The machine is unwieldy and its operators are stultified by its ponderousness. It is because organization has been considered before curricula that we have what is labeled the academic type of mind, vague, impractical.

In the consideration of supervision, we feel the traditional antagonism of the schoolmaster to state supervision. Dr. Findlay pleads for the superintendent with advisory rather than supervisory powers. It would seem that since education is properly a concern of the state these functions could be combined in a competent director. Incompetency in this field has been a thorny question, but we do not solve it by abolishing certain of the powers of the supervisor. Secure competency and the establishment of common ground between him and the teacher. In a modern state, a system of check is unavoidable.

One looks for something which will help in solving present problems, but there is nothing. Dr. Findlay feels an injustice in forcing youth to a trade through the medium of pre-vocational education which eliminates academic studies. Two years spent at a lathe at this period of a boy's life are not irremediably lost. Even if vocational advisors have failed, the loss is not as irreparable as that which occurs in the lives of thousands mistakenly directed to college and academic life.

Let us not pass lightly by one point which is made. The race tradition has provided for the subjection of the youth to the adult, to whom he looks for guidance. We are warned that we are confusing youth instead of liberating it when we place on it the burden of decision in every matter which concerns its welfare. In our desire to encourage independence of spirit and initiative we forget the claims of immaturity.

Outside of the statement of aim, none of the larger issues of education is touched. The important question of to whom we shall give formal education, how far shall it go, and how we shall adapt it to individual potentialities and needs is ignored. Dr. Findlay speaks of the purpose of education as the progress of the species. In his first volume, there are few indications of the means which he would adopt to secure this progress.

Careful editing would have helped the general reader, and the proofreading is slovenly in spots. This is an unforgivable crime in the book of a schoolman.

A fascinating new "travel diary"

The Spanish Journey

By JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE

With nine plates after paintings by EL GRECO, *and numerous drawings by J. Sima.*

This is the record of a six-months' stay in Spain which Mr. Meier-Graefe, one of the foremost critics of art, made some years before the War. He left Germany by sea, and from the day he stepped on board ship until he was on the way home he kept an informal diary. That diary is this book. Forthwith he makes the reader share fully in the daily existence of himself and his companions; he shrewdly sketches stray fellow-travellers, passes judgment on architecture in Lisbon and elsewhere, reflects on Spanish cooking, on bullfights, gypsies, and the scenery, and he portrays acutely the numerous grandees whom he met. Through all this runs a constant stream of brilliant criticism of Spain's great artists—in especial, of Velasquez and El Greco. Indeed, if today El Greco is at the height of popularity it is originally thanks to this book. $5.00

Harcourt, Brace & Co.
383 Madison Ave. New York

New Methods for the Study of Literature

By EDITH RICKERT

"Surely," says the author of this book, "it is time to begin to study literature in a new way." She has therefore outlined new methods of approaching literature by way of remedying the curious situation created by the fact that scientific study of literature itself is in neglect while the study of its environment is conducted upon the most modern scientific principles. The general method of this book is to analyze style into its several strands—imagery, words, thought patterns, and, what is often disregarded, visual devices upon the printed page—and for each of these to find statistical and graphical methods by which its varied manifestations in literature may be understood with a certainty impossible through reading alone.

$3.00, postpaid $3.15

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5852 Ellis Avenue Chicago

A Book of Old Maps

BY E. D. FITE AND A. FREEMAN

The seventy-four maps here reproduced, illustrate American history down to the close of the Revolution. "The most magnificent single volume of the year. . . . It will appeal both to the historian and to the map enthusiast."—*Chicago Post.* "To study this fascinating and magnificent book of old maps is to be convinced that the rise of cartography as a science has witnessed the decline of map-making as an art. . . . Through such collections as this we are able to enjoy both the fancies of the ancients and the facts of the moderns."—*Hartford Times.*
$25.00 a copy

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Comedians

"The most successful and convincing study of decadent Rome yet attempted . . . . an art quite marvelous"—*New York Times*

by the great Dutch Novelist

LOUIS COUPERUS $2.50

DORAN BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Literature

German Stories and Novels

DAS OPFERFEST. By OTTO, FREIHERR VON TAUBE. Leipzig: Insel Verlag. 1926.

TRENCK: ROMAN EINES GÜNSTLINGS. By BRUNO FRANK. Berlin: Ernst Rowholt. 1926.

DER AUFRUHR UM DEN JUNKER ERNST. By JAKOB WASSERMANN. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1926.

VERWIRRUNG DER GEFÜHLE. By STEFAN ZWEIG. Leipzig: Insel Verlag. 1926.

UNORDNUNG UND FRÜHES LEID. By THOMAS MANN. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1926.

ULRIKE. By TONI SCHWABE. Munich: Albert Langen. 1926.

DER AUSBRUCH INS GRENZENLOSE. By TONI SCHWABE. Munich: Albert Langen. 1926.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

THIS batch of recent German fiction is very mixed, but at least the miscelleaneous styles, lengths, and subjects of the seven books named above enable all tastes to be met. The first is a regular long novel, on a theme which one imagined had become old-fashioned, namely, the *echt deutsch* craze, the propaganda in favor of the supremacy of Germanic blood, associated before the war with the well-known "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," by Houston Stewart Chamberlain. The hero of the novel, after an early life the description of which gives an interesting social picture of the German middle-class, develops into a race-theorist, in several features recalling Herr Chamberlain in his antipathy toward everything "romance," and his fixed belief that anything good in modern civilization is to be traced to German origins. So fanatical does this belief become that at length he founds a separate community in which to keep up his race-religion, with all the accompaniment of ancient Scandinavian ritual—hence the title. The satire in all this is so delicate that often the chapters read like a real-life transcription of actual discussions by race-theorist fanatics. If this is so, all one can say is either that Freiherr von Taube's novel must have been written in the heyday of Chamberlainism, or that the war has taught that particular section of German jingoes nothing. In any case, however, it is a most readable piece of fiction for anyone with an interest in German social and intellectual life.

"Trenck" is quite a different type of novel; it is an historical romance, written round a personage to whom, two or three years ago, Herr Frank, in a volume entitled "Tage des Königs," devoted three short stories of considerable merit—namely, Frederick the Great. The titular hero of this latest work is, of course, the famous adventurer who served in Frederick's army, but his doings there, and above all his supposed love-affair with the King's sister Amalie, are so many pegs on which to hang a series of fresh pictures of the Prussian monarch, often to the complete exclusion of Trenck himself, whose varied career is frequently compressed or left neglected. The best chapter is the one least founded on history, namely the passionate love of Trenck and Amalie, while the closing scenes, with the composition of Trenck's famous biography and his execution in Paris, are also spirited writing. We cannot recall any other historical romance on Trenck, and there are not too many on Frederick himself to make us withhold a hearty welcome from such a thoroughly interesting contribution to historical fiction as this.

Herr Jakob Wassermann's "Erzählung" has an historical background, but is even less concerned, primarily, with history than Herr Frank's romance. It is placed in Bavaria, in the seventeenth century, when heresy-hunting, and witch-hunting in particular, was at its height. The most fanatical in the campaign against magic was the Bishop of Würzburg, whose natural zeal was inflamed by the Jesuit Pater Gropp—a figure whose sinister features are drawn almost to the point of caricature. To the Bishop's castle comes his nephew, the Junker Ernst, for whom his uncle conceives an extraordinary affection. He is a strange youth given to day-dreaming and the spinning of fairy-tales. He is ingenuous enough to let this habit of his come to the ears of the ecclesiastical authorities and he comes under the suspicion of communion with evil spirits. Much against his will the Bishop delivers him over to be tortured, and his guilt having been established, his execution is decreed. The decision is made known, however, to all the children and youths of the country round, to whom the Junker was a well-beloved friend, and they raise a rebellion with the object of saving him. In this they succeed, and a story which had begun in sinister gloom ends in joy and the spirit of rebellious youth triumphant, belonging less to history than to the fairy-tale.

* *

There is nothing *märchenhaftes* about Herr Zweig's three stories. Psychological motives, human passion, and pathos, the everyday life of men and women of our own time—these are the elements in his art. His first story tells, with compelling verisimilitude, the confession of a respectable woman's first and last lapse from virtue at Monte Carlo where, by a misunderstanding, she gives herself to a young man to save him from suicide. The last story is an equally incredible story of passion, but told as if taken from life, a technical achievement which few writers in Germany could have attained so convincingly as Herr Zweig. But the best story, in our opinion, is the middle one, in which we are shown the remarkable pathos of an old, wealthy man, left high and dry by the tide of time, while his wife and young daughter sail off on the sea of passion and sensual enjoyment. Anyone who, in a smart hotel ballroom, has watched an aged father gazing at his daughter and her rejuvenated mother fox-trotting, with all the consciousness written on his face that he no longer mattered except to pay for their dresses and cocktails, will realize the remarkable force and truth of this story by one of the best short-story writers Germany has today.

A similar sense of recognition and familiarity comes upon the reader after reading Thomas Mann's story. It is a simple "interior," of a German Professor's house, of his family, in the time of greatest distress for the German middle classes, in 1923, when the professional men, inhabitants of comfortable villas in the comfortable quarter of Berlin, had come down to the level of the "intellectual proletariat," but had not yet taken, as, of course, many of them did, to actual manual labor to gain the wages which were denied to the brain-worker. The Professor is shown in the bosom of his charming family, especially the delicious Lorchen, a child of five or six, apple of her father's eye, who watches her, as she dances to the gramophone, with all a lover's jealousy. So passes this one day in his life, and so appealing a transcription from life has Thomas Mann's skill made that there are already German critics acclaiming this as his masterpiece, finer even than "Tod in Venedig."

In "Ulrike" Frau Toni Schwabe has also written an idyll with an undercurrent of pathos. It is the story of Goethe's last love, his late passion for Ulrike von Levetzow, which inspired his "Trilogie der Leidenschaft." The gay, girlish company which surrounds the aging poet is delightfully portrayed and the pathos of the irreconcilable contrast between old age and admiring but not fully understanding youth is excellently rendered. In the second novel it is a more enduring passionate episode in Goethe's life that Frau Schwabe has taken for her theme, namely, his love for Charlotte von Stein, but it is all told with the shadow of parting over it; it is all conceived as a preliminary to the "Ausbruch ins Grenzenlose," Goethe's longed-for-escape from bourgeois realities to the limitless possibilities of romance, that is, to Italy. Students of Goethe's life will read these two novels with much enjoyment.

To meet the growing demand for information regarding the life and work of the poet, Houghton Mifflin Company have prepared for free distribution a booklet entitled "The Poetry of Amy Lowell." A drawing of Miss Lowell appears on the cover, and the body of the pamphlet is given to a twenty-five page critical article by Charles Cestre, professor in the University of Paris. The booklet also contains a biographical outline and comments on Miss Lowell's ten volumes of poetry, her two books of criticism, and her biography of John Keats.

"One of the Most Daring and Unusual Conceptions of Our Day"
—HARRY HANSEN

THE ORPHAN ANGEL BY ELINOR WYLIE

Most novels of 1926 died with the old year; a few are surviving the test of time. Among these, *The Orphan Angel* is outstanding.

It was chosen as the leading novel for December by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Critics everywhere have been superlatively enthusiastic.

Published by the publisher of: THE AMERICAN MERCURY; *the works of* KNUT HAMSUN, WILLA CATHER, JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER, H. L. MENCKEN, Etc.

In the *New York World, Harry Hansen* said: "*Elinor Wylie* has developed an astounding tale . . . She has added a rich page to American letters."

In the *Saturday Review of Literature, Henry Seidel Canby* called it "Spiritual romance captured by humor and insight for the uses of earth."

$2.50 at all bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF 730 Fifth Avenue, New York

DELIGHTFUL NOVELS

THE PACER by Viola Paradise $2.00

For an easy chair on a Winter's night

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER by Hildur Dixelius $2.50

For the Florida sands on a sunny day

SHOOT! by Luigi Pirandello $2.50

For the steamer deck on a Southern cruise

THE REBEL BIRD by Diana Patrick $2.00

At your favorite bookshop in every town

SPELL LAND by Sheila Kaye-Smith $2.00

If not in stock, at E. P. DUTTON & CO. 681 Fifth Ave., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

New Backgrounds

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

The decay of New England is still the *motif* of novels and poems. From Robert Frost down, the poets of decadence find their inspiration in the "has beens" of the old New England of former times. The novel writer who fails in other respects, seems almost sure of being a best seller if his sob stuff misrepresents today's life in rural Yankee land.

American literature is at its present weakness partly because of this slavish devotion to the old backgrounds that no longer exist. Authors who adhere thereto may be compared to the rare relic of the old farmer type who does not yet realize that war between the states ended sixty years ago and who still complains of "competition with the free lands (now priced at $200 to $400 per acre) of the West."

A new note in literature remains to be struck by the writer who senses fully the new forces, new influences, and new faith which right now are regenerating the whole people of our six New England states, perhaps to a more marked degree than prevails elsewhere—and this in country as well as town. Indeed, this wonderful era in which we are living right now—with its marvels of discovery, chaos of thought, struggles of idealism with materialism, contest of youth and age, push of new against old—probably is but the open door to what may develop into veritably the finest age of civilization.

In the new era now at hand, may we not learn how to live, grow, work, play and serve, that each one who strives shall enjoy the more abundant life, conquering whatever adversities beset and not being mastered by the prosperity which comes when human welfare supplants human exploitation? Already enough is actually being accomplished to appeal to the imagination and to stimulate a literature introductory to the coming of the Golden Age—

When every day well used makes
Every yesterday a dream of happiness
And every tomorrow a vision of hope!

Is there not here a new field ripe for the harvest by poet, novelist, playwright? Why not a fresh literature that shall throb with pictures of the constructive times ahead, and "inspire a mighty people to deeds that shall endure?" Free from the eroticism of feeble art, purged also of equally feeble pessimism, a few of the truly great stories, poems, andplays of the near future should thrill with the sex impulse in the fulness of its creative powers.

Will not The Great Adventure in American literature develop along these lines? Will a contemporary master open the new path, or must the fruition be awaited of some new genius whose work shall not only fascinate the attention, but inspire to action the possibilities now latent in each human being for a larger part in the more efficient service and better life of tomorrow?

HERBERT MYRICK

Springfield, Mass.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

It gives me pleasure to see you devoting considerable editorial comment (your issue of January 22nd) to our publication "Great Names"—pleasure because it is our publication and pleasure because it is you who comment on it favorably. But I must express my regret over the inaccuracy of at least one of your statements. The book is not "an English importation," as you call it (am I right in thinking a little slightingly?)

Both the title pages and the copyright notice might have warned you. If the Nonesuch Press stands *in loco auctoris*, as acknowledged, the publication is just as truly *in aedibus* the Dial Press. Messrs. Garnett and Meynell sponsored the MS., their firm receives the royalties, but the enterprise is ours, and American. On future editions the Nonesuch name will not appear. There has been no publication of the book in England, and if there is, it will probably be from our sheets.

LINCOLN MACVEAGH.

New York.

Barnes Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In your issue of January 1, 1927, Mr. T. P. Peardon says: "If Professor Turner objects to Professor Barnes as an historian, he can best plead his own cause by disproving" the conclusions of certain ones whom Mr. Peardon has just been citing.

Except in unusual circumstances reviewing unimportant and flimsy work is something that I try to avoid. My opinion is that Barnes's "Genesis of the World War" contains so many errors in statement and from omission that the task of evaluation and disentangling the truth from the false is much like preliminary work in a garden choked and tangled with weeds. None the less, if a publication of standing asks me to give a critique of the volume, I shall not fail to undertake it. Such critique will contain explicit details supporting the reasons for my judgment that the book is by one inadequately equipped with the relevant historical knowledge and that it is, with superficial cleverness, largely pieced together from various inferior and partisan secondary accounts—even from scraps of conversation, it may be, the author seeming to have almost no grasp of essential documents and sources.

Mr. Peardon may be interested in the reviews of this book in certain important journals: *The American Historical Review* (January, 1927), *Foreign Affairs* (October, 1926), London *Times Literary Supplement* (September 30, 1926), London *Observer* (October 3, 1926)—this last by Mr. J. W. Headlam-Morley, one of Professor Gooch's colleagues in editing the *Official Documents* in process of publication by the British government.

My animadversions are solely in what I consider the interests of historical science. Professor Barnes's efforts as propagandist I view with satisfaction arising from belief that through clumsy efforts misleading doctrines are made to be paltry and foolish. A reviewer in the London *Outlook* (September 18, 1926) said: "Professor Barnes can only be acquitted of damaging the German case on an assumption that the case is anyhow too bad to be further damaged."

RAYMOND TURNER

Johns Hopkins University.

Critic and Scientist

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Is *The Saturday Review* unconsciously paying its respects to the judgment of scientific men in matters purely literary? For example: January 8, page 1, column 1 (In Yale it was a professor of Physics who discovered Melville.) Now that the lost is found, "Moby Dick" was like discovering gold in California.

Under the communications you publish a letter from a professor of biology, Roy L. Abbott, Iowa University on "Mencken." There has been so much drivel about this mighty man with the pepper box as some think, or backwoods youngster stalking around in Shaw's boots in America—"a country of villages that for once a scientist sees clearly when he says "Truth is truth and bunk is bunk and Mencken has written a great deal of both." It is not a case of either or but a good deal of both.

Can it be that literary critics see but one current in the literary sea, the current of popularity, whereas the scientist dealing with matter that does not live by popularity discovers deeper currents and reveals, when he puts his mind to it, the more permanent and lasting literary values.

ARTHUR B. HEEB.

Los Gatos, Calif.

On the Air

A DIGEST of the following articles, chosen by a committee of librarians as outstanding contributions to the February periodicals, was recently broadcast under the auspices of *The Saturday Review of Literature* by Station WOR.

A PANIC IN CROOKDOM. Howard McClellan in *Review of Reviews.*

At noon on June 30, 1926, thirty-four convicted felons begged to be sentenced to Sing-Sing immediately. Why? Because at midnight the Baumes Law became effective. The author tells why these laws are reducing crime in New York.

WHY PROHIBITION WILL WIN. Viscount Astor in *The Forum.*

As a member of the British Liquor Control Board, this politician has drunk deep at the well of international experience and recently made a personal investigation in the U. S. A. Now he ventures a prophecy.

A DOCTOR LOOKS AT DOCTORS. Joseph Collins, M.D., in *Harper's Magazine.*

The distinguished physician who wrote "The Doctor Looks at Literature" turns the spotlight on his own profession, and, by setting forth his own curious experiences as a patient, reveals an all-too-prevalent failing among modern doctors.

THE CHANGING EAST SIDE. Selda F. Popkin, in *The American Mercury.*

Americanization has come at last to New York's East Side. As the East Side declines in numbers it rises in aspiration. What caused this bloodless revolution? "What terms truce," are questions answered by the author.

AN INDUSTRIAL DIVORCE. Maurice Hely Hutchinson, in *Century.*

The author replies to Professor Ripley's articles, recently appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which attacked certain existing customs of "big business." Mr. Hutchinson vigorously defends the present method of corporate control.

LOGIC AND THE STOCK MARKET. Fred C. Kelly, in *The American Mercury.*

This author contends with some modification that the way to win money on Wall Street is to know what other people are doing and then—do the opposite. "Be illogical, but be careful!"

THE MISSING ROOMS. John Carter, in *Atlantic Monthly.*

This timely article warns us of the effect that cramped apartment house living will have upon our grandchildren.

THIS MAN SAW LINCOLN SHOT. Joseph Hazelton and Campbell MacCullock, in *Good Housekeeper.*

Joseph Hazelton, at that time a program boy in Ford's Theatre, tells what he saw the night Booth assassinated President Lincoln. Young Hazelton was looking directly at the President's box when Booth fired his derringer.

PUTTING WINGS ON COMMERCE. William B. Stout, in *System.*

What flying really means to business as a usable tool and what it means to all of us in terms of fundamental economic changes.

THE SPIRIT OF SOCIETY. W. C. Brownell, in *Scribner's.*

In his scholarly article which rewards most the reader who retires to his study for an undisturbed half-hour, this famous author discusses the spirit of society, as he interprets it.

GREATNESS AND HUMANITY

NAPOLEON
THE MAN OF DESTINY
by Emil Ludwig Trans. by Eden and Cedar Paul

"We have been shown Napoleon in all sorts of attitudes—heroic, melodramatic, ignominious. But somehow I find here for the first time an account of him in all his phases, from which he emerges great, human and explicable; that is to say, the real man of destiny. The book is packed with knowledge, humor and vitality; it is the first biography of the New Year. It has every prospect of being first when this year ends."—Ernest Boyd, *The New Yorker.*

"The most brilliant biography I have read in thirty-six moons. Almost might I say that I have lived with Napoleon in the hours during which I read this book, and in other hours the image of Napoleon haunted me."—Harry Salpeter, *The New York World.* 63rd thousand. *Octavo, 21 full-page plates, 732 pages.* $5.00

George Washington
The IMAGE and the MAN
by W. E. WOODWARD
Author of BUNK · LOTTERY ETC.

"It is, I think, the most interesting and provocative life of Washington yet written." — Henry Hazlitt, *N. Y. Sun.*

Boston Transcript: "He has repaired the damage started by Parson Weems. Gods have neither blood, nor brains, nor soul! Woodward's Washington has all three."

From an editorial in the Seattle Union Record: "The author in presenting Washington paints with the skill of a master the economic and social environment in which Washington moved and lived."

There has been no advance in price on this work.
5th edition. $4.00

TAR A Midwest Childhood
by SHERWOOD ANDERSON

"Little Tar Moorehead makes Penrod look like a circus ring small boy. He is the fugitive breath of boyhood caught on paper by one supposed to be the starkest, most ironical realist in our midst."—George Currie, *Bklyn. Eagle.*
2nd edition. $3.00

More Miles
by HARRY KEMP
Author of TRAMPING ON LIFE

"When a century has passed a scholar will come across these books (More Miles and Tramping on Life) and there will be a great shout that an important human document has been discovered. Harry's two volumes will be placed beside Casanova and Pepys and Evelyn and Gallemont." —Walter Yust, *Philadelphia Ledger.* 2nd edition. $3.00

I Have This To Say
The Story of My Flurried Years
by VIOLET HUNT

"There is no more entrancing book this year than Violet Hunt's "I HAVE THIS TO SAY". There is a reserve, a sort of Victorian sense of what is said and what is not said, that makes the book a delight in these days of unreserved confession. With rare skill she puts her readers wholly into her own thinking." — Fanny Butcher, *Chicago Tribune.*
Octavo. Illustrated. $3.50

GOOD BOOKS

BONI & LIVERIGHT 61 W. 48th St., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Archaeology

VILLANOVANS AND EARLY ETRUSCANS. A Study of the Early Iron Age in Italy As it Is Seen Near Bologna, in Etruria and in Latium. By DAVID RANDALL-MACIVER. Oxford University Press. 1924.

In order to determine the age and origin of an ancient building modern scientific archæologists have learned to dig below it and discover what preceded it. The same method can be used to trace the history of a people. In studying the antecedents of the problematical Etruscans we must take into account a people called "the Villanovans" who preceded them in Northern Italy by several centuries, with distinct customs and a wholly different artistic output. The arrival of the Etruscans spells the gradual disappearance of this early civilization—except in isolated districts. By such a study the Eastern origin of the Etruscans receives additional support. One need only turn the pages of Mr. Randall-MacIver's book to note the sudden change in the appearance of the "finds" before and after the advent of the Etruscans; and to appreciate the intimate contact with the Orient which the Etruscans must have had.

In his handsome volume of almost 300 pages, copiously illustrated, the story of early Italy is presented to us in an impartial manner. It has been the author's aim to provide us with the documents "as an archivist prepares the way for the historian," rather than fill his book with premature conclusions. So that we have here an orderly account of the principal Iron-Age material existing in the Museums of Italy derived from excavations in the Bolognese, Etruria, and Latium. The information here presented used to be scattered in many periodicals and monographs, principally in the *Notizie degli Scavi* and the *Monumenti Antichi*. Montelius in "La Civilization Primitive de L'Italie" has familiarized us with the actual objects found, in an excellent series of plates. But Mr. Randall-MacIver presents us with an adequate running text, chronicling and coördinating the principal results. The story begins with the primitive Villanova burials of the eleventh and tenth centuries in which the bodies were cremated and the bones placed in large earthenware jars imbedded in layers of ashes; and the account ends with the magnificent Regolini Galassi, Bernardini, and Barberini tombs of the seventh century B.C. in which bodies were buried in large chambers and surrounded with rich offerings. The story will be continued in another volume on which the author is still at work.

It is natural to compare Randall-MacIver's book with von Duhn's "Italische Gräberkunde" (Erster Theil) which appeared in the same year. But the two publications though they deal with the same subject are really different in scope. If von Duhn's is the more thorough and more scholarly presentation of this intricate subject, Mr. MacIver's more simplified and more readable account will appeal to a larger public. He has brought to our critical notice a highly important epoch which—for want of accessible publications—has been too much neglected; and for this we owe him a large debt of gratitude.

Belles Lettres

INTEGRITY IN EDUCATION AND OTHER PAPERS. By GEORGE NORLIN. Macmillan. 1926. $2.

Professor Norlin's book of a dozen or so papers is pleasant enough reading, one at a time, which was the original intention, as they are mostly reprinted from magazines. The essays have not the unity in subject claimed, though there is sufficient harmony in the point of view throughout to give one the sensation of being on a level stretch of ground. The ground is high culturally, but there isn't even a foothill in sight to vary the monotony.

The title paper seems to bear no significance; the book has nothing to do with education beyond a reference occasionally, and a Phi Beta Kappa address at Missouri in 1917. Professor Norlin, president of the University of Colorado, is a student of Greek and a widely read man in classical literature. His article on the Pastoral is by far the most interesting in the collection. When we get much of Moschus, Theocritus, Sidney, Shelley, Milton, in elegiac moods we have something that turns off all level plains towards the mountains. The air at once becomes fresh with creation. Most of the time however, Professor Norlin's book left us with nothing to bite on. It is not a bad book; on the contrary it is a good plain dish of porridge with too much sugar and cream and too little salt in the cooking.

Biography

GOTTFRIED KINKEL AS POLITICAL AND SOCIAL THINKER. By ALFRED R. DE JONGE. Columbia University Press. 1926.

Readers of the life of Carl Schurz remember Kinkel as the co-revolutionary whom Schurz daringly, even picturesquely, rescued from Spandau prison. The memory of the German republicans of 1848 has budded anew since the German republic, long awaited by one generation, long forgotten by another, has come to be. Dr. De Jonge's study of Kinkel's political creed-struggles comes at a good time. For the republicans of 1848 awaited, foresaw, proclaimed a free government, failed only to establish it, and they deserve attention as forerunners or as prophets. And indeed believers in the German republic of today in paying their debt of thought to the men of 1848 will help raise for the still new régime the background of tradition which sentiment demands of governments, movements, and creeds.

What has very particularly concerned the present student of Gottfried Kinkel was to vindicate his consistency against the charges of those who judged that he wavered between the aims of a republic and of a united nation. Kinkel originally appears to have believed that both objects could be achieved by the same course. Afterwards, confronted with the repressive attitude of Prussia, he put the attainment of democratic forms as the prior need. But in 1859, moved as it appears by the example of Mazzini sacrificing another republican ideal on the altar of Italian nationalism, he put German nationalism foremost. Prussia in this scheme of things took the place of Savoy, but not wholly; for he continued to believe that even after Prussian hegemony, and after Bismarck whom he detested for a Junker, a free political system might be attained.

Kinkel's problem, which of two desires to grasp and which to relinquish, thus studied, has more than a biographical or antiquarian interest. A definite and vigorous thinker, he found in his quandary the dilemma that paralyzed German liberalism for decades thereafter. His mind brought to a clear focus and image that baffling thing, the German political mind as since known and expressed.

Fiction

THE WIDOW OF EPHESUS. By MARY GRANGER. Putnams. 1926. $2.

This first novel shows a dangerous tendency to leave the plodding ways of prose for an inflated and often ridiculous poetic declamation. Inspired by Petronius's ironical tale, Mary Granger has created a suspiciously synthetic young lady named Stephanie, who marries and then loses her John, holds his memory dear for a time, and finally yields to a certain charming Henry. She worries a great deal during this comparatively simple process, takes care of her child, and indulges in some of the worst free verse that has ever been printed as prose. What relation it may all have to the poor soul who refused to "watch the bodies of the two dearest men in the world" is a little difficult to say. The book has another distinction in that practically every other sentence begins with one of those suspended, capital-letter "Ands" which are becoming so popular.

It is quite possible that many people will like this modern love story, for it contains a great deal of love and very little story, but the result as a whole is mere nonsense.

A CHEQUER-BOARD. By ROBERT CLAY. Lippincott. 1927. $2.

A brief prologue sets the stage for this vigorously written pirate romance, wherein a young Englishman, delirious from an old injury to his brain, relives the sanguinary exploits of an outcast, freebooting ancestor dead two hundred years. If one easily swallows the explanation for this fabulous experience,—"Inherited Memory—," given when the sick man has been restored to *normal consciousness and reality*, there should be little fault to find with the story. A medical friend sits at the patient's bedside taking notes of his raving utterances, and it is from these details that the narrative is built into a clarified and coherent tale. Mr. Clay (a newcomer apparently) writes with a virile sweep and lustiness that more than warrant the jacket's blurbistic comparison with Sabatini.

THE RIVER FLOWS. By F. L. LUCAS. Macmillan. 1926. $2.

"The River Flows" is, in part, a singularly appealing book. It purports to be a young Englishman's confessions to his diary at a time when he finds himself in love with the wife of his dearest friend. The situation is poignant enough in any case but when it must be met by a moody, sensitive, and highly introspective young man, it assumes tragic intensity. Moreover there are special circumstances that make every angle of this particular triangle equally acute.

Many readers, however, will recoil from its presentation in the form of a diary. The diary, real as it seems, becomes almost unbearably revelatory. The writer strips too eagerly before us, leaves us too uncomfortably aware of his voluntary nakedness. And it is the kind of nakedness that the average hardened adult regards with dismay. David, absorbed as he is in his own emotions and the adequate phrasing of them, gives an unpleasant impression of weakness and effeminacy, an impression reinforced by certain Cambridge preciosities, such phrases as "unutterably perfect," and an inability to resist literary allusions—even his bitterest moments must be capped by lines from Homer, Sappho, and Catullus.

And yet, despite its mannered nudity, the book is full of good things. It has the very texture of reality. Young men do write thus and so when they are finely attuned and delicately sensitized. David's love for Margaret is a beautiful thing in itself and finds at times truly eloquent expression. The scene between the lovers beside the Swale is unforgettable. And David looks upon Greece not only with the reminiscent eye of a classic trained Cantab but with a poet's feeling for its lyrical loveliness. Indeed the author of "Euripides and His Influence" is perhaps at his best in the Grecian scenes, though much of the rest of the book is exquisitely written.

The publishers wisely indicate on the jacket that "The River Flows" is not for everyone. It is indeed a sensitive, almost hypersensitive little volume. One dreads to think of its fate in the hands of Candida's husband. But Candida herself would understand, condone, and commend it. And Eugene Marchbanks would find it "unutterably perfect."

GLORY. By LÉONIE AMINOFF. Dutton. 1927. $2.50.

No one with any regard for the historical romance as an honorable literary *genre* can condone these inadequate tales by Léonie Aminoff. The ambition to write twelve novels covering the life of Napoleon ("Glory" is the seventh in the series) may be a laudable thing in itself, but when the writer lacks equipment for the task, the result can only be deplorable. With no interest in essentials, no constructive imagination, no desire—or ability—to recreate the past, the narrator in her own person frisks through page after page of tittle-tattle, archly apostrophising herself or spattering her opinions upon altogether irrelevant matters all over the good white paper. Again and again she neglects the choice meat of her subject to toy tritely with some rubbishy *hors d'oeuvre*. In the end the reader is left with the impression that a garrulous, coquette has been trying to tell him a bed-time story. And about Napoleon Bonaparte—of all people!

UNDER THE TONTO RIM. By ZANE GREY. Harper. 1926. $2.

The premier author of Western romances has here produced a novel far more restrained and credible than is his wont. Nearly all the familiar trappings associated with this type of tale are missing, a lack by which the story benefits generously Lucy Watson, a young school teacher, is appointed welfare instructor in a community of isolated backwoods folk. She quickly overcomes their reticences toward her, achieves popularity by the practical results of her work, and falls in love with Edd Denmeade, an uncouth, but not improbable, native of the open spaces. The arrival on the scene of Clara, Lucy's wayward sister, breaks the smoothly running course of events, repairs, however, being soon effected which insure the tale's progress to an ordained happy end. Despite its slowness of pace and absence of ingenuity, the story is a distinct relief from the violent generality of its kind.

THE MANCHU CLOUD. By *James W. Bennett*. Duffield. $2.

THE UP-GRADE. By *George Gibbs*. Appleton. $2.

(*Continued on next page*)

The AMEN CORNER

THE OXONIAN is not the first to pay tribute to the sweet silent pleasures of reading in bed. Here are delights rather enhanced than diminished by the mechanics of the age, warm bedrooms and electric lamps. But this pastime reaches its noblest perfection only with choice spirits. To men like Chaucer,(1) who first sung in English the pleasures of *boke* and *candel*, reading in bed connotes an escape from the turmoil of the outer world. The closed bedroom door creates a sanctum sanctorum where the spirit is free to seek its own refinements,—a final and invincible stronghold for the tired soul whose house is no longer his castle. The clock ticks not too loudly; raindrops patter comfortingly; the turning page emits a friendly crackle . . . the rest is silence. . . .

The sensitive soul that savors the full flavor of these quiet ecstasies picks his treasured store of bedside books as carefully as he selects a wife. Chosen from many rivals as friends worthy of this last intimacy, they must possess characters so noble that familiarity does not breed contempt. Presenting a physical beauty consistent with their inner charms, neither unwieldy nor too sumptuous, each book must be wholly suitable for the occasion and the mood of the moment. The Oxonian, for years an ardent devotee of this cult of pillow and book, makes bold to present his own little group of bedtime crusaders grave and gay. Nor will he exclude from consideration the amendments and additions of other counsellors of the counterpane.

FOREMOST of bedside books is that pleasant handful of fresh delights, the *Oxford Book of English Verse*.(2) On Oxford India paper, with limp leather binding, its soothing variety yields consolation after trying hours in the office. Closer acquaintance never fails to deepen appreciation of its merits...When mentally tired but with imagination a-hungered, the Oxonian, with the same whoop of delight with which Jacques and Touchstone greeted each other in the Forest of Arden, seizes upon *Crime and Detection*,(3) that select collection of modern but too little-known thrillers...As a savoury after a feast of heavier reading, while the mind is still flexible but pleasantly fatigued, he turns to the piquant illustrations and text of *English Women in Life and Letters*,(4) or reverts to that book without parallel to those who read by snatches, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*,(5) which by grace of Oxford India paper can be had complete in a single volume which tires neither eyes nor arms, nor rests too heavily upon the prone chest of a recumbent reader!... *Selected Modern English Essays*(6) conducts the rebel spirit far from the jangle of jazz or the waiting income tax blank, and leads it into still waters of gentle contemplation...After a Bach concert, the Oxonian finds no poem to equal *Samson Agonistes*,(7) which comes with *Paradise Lost* in a cheap and attractive blue volume...For studious or ambitious moments (all too few!) he elects Rostovtzeff's *History of the Ancient World;*(8) both text and illustrations fill him with a yearning admiration...When (most placid of men) he feels himself as keen and cynical as temperament will allow, there is Fowler's *Modern English Usage*,(9) the finest intellectual Dry Martini obtainable in these days of bootleg mental stimulants... When seeking a fresh autobiographical thrill, the Oxonian turns to his advance copy of *The Story of a Rhodes Scholar*(10) —from South Africa. . . . A quiet evening at home, restful but perhaps a trifle stagnating, is best ended with the fillip of a discovery or two in the new *Oxford Book of 18th Century Verse*.(11) . . . Or for those inexplicable blue periods when even William Blake seems flat, stale and unprofitable, there is sovereign remedy in the essays of *Lamb* or *Emerson!*(12)

BUT THE candle of the mind burns low, and sleep begins to blur the printed page. Relentlessly the clock has crossed the Rubicon of a new day from which there is no turning back. Small need to invoke Morpheus, for the tally of sheep will be all too short tonight! One Book(14) remains unopened,—the best of all books beneath whose spell to close the day. Though it is past the hour of compline, let us turn a page or two, for this Book admits no impediments of ritual or time. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. . . ."

Spirit of Slumber, on this note we end our even-song. —THE OXONIAN.

(1) Definitive ed., 7 vols., each $5.35; students complete 1 vol. $1.50. (2) Cloth $3.75, or on India paper $4.25; and in leather. (3) Green cloth (World's Classic) 80c. (4) $4.00. (5) $5.00 on India paper. (6) (World's Classic) 80c. (7) $1.50, or on India paper $4.00; and in leather. (8) $5.00. (9) $3.00, or on India paper $4.00. (10) About $2.50. (11) Cloth $3.75, or on India paper $4.25. (12) Each a World's Classic, 80c each. (14) Oxford Bibles, all styles and prices, are beyond comparison.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Next to
Mary Roberts Rinehart
TISH is the most popular woman in the land today. Read
Tish Plays the Game
Mary Roberts Rinehart's
new humorous success $2.00
DORAN BOOKS

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

LORD OF HIMSELF. By *Percy Marks*. Century. $2.

VIVIAN. By *H. L. Gates*. Barse & Hopkins. $2.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER. By *Hildur Dixelius*. Translated from the Swedish by Anna C. Settergren. Dutton.

THE WIND OF COMPLICATION. By *Susan Ertz*. Appleton. $2.

THE SCHOONER CALIFORNIA. By *H. B. Drake*. Harpers. $2.

JILL. By *E. M. Delafield*. Harpers. $2.

YOUNG MALCOLM. By *George Blake*. Harpers. $2.

ECHO ANSWERS. By *Elizabeth Thane*. Stokes. $2.

THE PAINTED CITY. By *Mary Badger Wilson*. Stokes. $2.

DEW AND MILDEW. By *Percival Christopher Wren*. Stokes. $2.

DANCE MAGIC. By *Clarence Buddington Kellogg*. Harpers. $2.

THE REBEL BIRD. By *Diana Patrick*. Dutton. $2.

THE PACER. By *Viola Paradise*. Dutton. $2.

THE FIELD OF MUSTARD. By *A. E. Coppard*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

DR. MOREL. By *Karen Bramson*. Greenberg. $2.

THE TALKING WOMAN. By *Horace Horsnell*. Greenberg. $2.

THE POPE OF THE SEA. By *Vincente Blasco Ibañez*. Dutton. $2.50.

THE RUNAWAY TRAIL. By *Albert M. Treynor*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

BROKE OF COVENDEN. By *J. C. Snaith*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

WILD HONEY. By *Frederick Niven*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

SILVIA OF THE MINUTE. By *Helen R. Martin*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE DEEPER STAR. By *Sinclair Gluck*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

BLONDES PREFER GENTLEMAN. By *Nora K. Strange*. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., 57 Rose Street.

MUSICIANS ONLY. By *Fradel Stock*. New York: Pelican.

CRIME AND DETECTION. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

THE FOURTEEN THUMBS OF ST. PETER. By *Joice M. Nankivill*. Dutton. $2.50.

CHILDREN OF THE MORNING. By *W. L. George*. Putnams. $2.

WAITING. By *Maude Farman Kempster*. Vinal.

History

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By DAVID KNOWLES. Oxford University Press. 1926. $2.50.

The merit of this little volume is chiefly in the unusually clear way in which the author visualizes military movements. He gives the layman an impression of main features in connection with a battle that produces the pleasant feeling of knowing something about it. Nevertheless the book is hardly worth while. As a history of the Civil War it omits so much of what we expect nowadays from historians of wars that, as a whole, it leaves one puzzled to see why the publisher was moved to print it. Of the war as a whole—either strategically in relation to the map of the United States, or economically in relation to the forces behind the guns, or socially in relation to man power and communal endurance—one knows little more at the end of the book than at the beginning.

Even diplomacy is practically ignored. The Emancipation Proclamation is here a purely domestic event. Its relation to European politics, to that "Liberal Party throughout the world" which Lincoln never forgot, is not so much as implied. Apparently, it has not dawned upon the author that Napoleon III and Mexico were major pieces on the chess board of the time, as seen from America.

As to the connection between military events and politics—such as the great Confederate scheme of the autumn of 1862, designed to affect the Northern elections—there is scarce a hint. War, as here presented, is a series of detached combats. Why they occurred just when they did, why it was they occurred at this place and not at that, is all left to the reader's power of guessing. Furthermore, despite his small compass the author permits himself many reflections and generalizations which could well have been spared, especially considering the things he has left undone.

THE ARMIES OF THE FIRST FRENCH REPUBLIC AND THE RISE OF THE MARSHALS OF NAPOLEON I. The Armée du Nord. By the late COLONEL RAMSAY WESTON PHIPPS. Oxford University Press. 1926. $6.

From the accumulated facts of forty years' study the author of this book gives the story of the Armée du Nord, numerically and actually the most important of the eleven armies that from 1791 to 1797 guarded the infant democracy of France against external and internal enemies. In 1792 there were nineteen Frenchmen serving as officers or enlisted men and six civilians who were later to become Marshals of the Empire. Their school was rough, particularly during the period from 1791 to 1797, a period which saw the amalgamation of the old troops of the monarchy with the volunteer levies. From this amalgamation of discipline and enthusiasm came the armies of the Consulate and the Empire. Colonel Phipps has sought to find the origins of the future distinguished services of the marshals in their training during this six years of warfare and political intrigue. Each army formed leaders in its own image.

The successive commanders of the Armée du Nord had two enemies to fight the Allies in front and the government at Paris, which attempted to exercise control over military operations through its representative at the front. The resultant vice of indiscipline become apparent to the men in the ranks and after sufficient experience the troops turned with enthusiasm to the leader who knew his trade. It was an army of volunteers that ran at Quiévrain, while Dumouriez, who held the Allies at Valmy, had to depend upon the regiments of the old monarchy. Jourdan later gained his victories at Wattignies and Fleurus with troops produced by the amalgamation.

Not a few of the future marshals, Ney, MacDonald, and Murat, served as aides de camp to the generals of the convention. This brought them experience, for the aide de camp of those days was frequently charged with command of troop units. Davout, later to become a marshal, comes into notice by having his battalion fire upon Dumouriez after the later has given indications of his passing over to the Allies. Dumouriez is followed in command of the Armée du Nord by Custine, who, despite his devotion to democratic principles and perhaps because he was loved by his troops, falls a victim to the jealousies of the government. Houchard, forced into command against his will, follows Custine to the guillotine, notwithstanding his thirty-eight years of service and his six wounds. The command of the Armée du Nord lay in the shadow of the scaffold. Jourdan follows Houchard, wins Wattignies, Hondschoote, and Fleurus, survives the hatred of Paris and becomes a marshal. Jourdan is followed by Pichegru who dies in prison and by Moreau, killed by a French shell after deserting to the Allies. This brings the record up to 1797.

It is to be hoped that Colonel Charles F. Phipps will place more of his father's careful research before the student of military and European history.

Miscellaneous

HORSE SENSE AND SENSIBILITY. By CRASCEDO. With Illustrations by Lionel Edwards. Scribners. 1926. $5.

It is a far cry from a modern book on horses and horsemanship to Jane Austen and an even stranger thing that a writer on such subjects should borrow his title from the gifted author of "Pride and Prejudice." But "Crascredo" is not an ordinary writer on horsemanship. His literary style is somewhat more involved than that of the usual writer on sport, so much so that one may be a little puzzled at first to grasp his meanings. A subtle sense of humor rather adds to one's bewilderment until one has read for a few pages. Then one settles down to enjoy one of the cleverest and most sensible books on horsemanship ever written.

"Crascredo" does not hesitate to tear down ruthlessly certain golden images which sportsmen are in the habit of bowing down before. In sport as in every other department of human activity there are many foolish prejudices and affectations which have accumulated by degrees, and we never realize how ridiculous they are until a courageous writer like "Crascredo" pokes fun at them as he does in the chapter of this book entitled "Buckles on a Bridle."

Other chapters there are—a round dozen of them in all—on teaching boys to ride, on teaching horses to be ridden, on stable management, and on a hundred and one topics each of them touched lightly with the hand of a master of writing craft and the voice of an authority in horsemanship, always tempered with that saving grace of humor which the author possesses to a remarkable degree. In such a chapter as that entitled "Empty Stables" and in many other places in the book the sentiment of the true horse lover is revealed, the spirit which lies so deep in the Anglo-Saxon heart and which prompts the writer under review to quote:

. . . Choice of the heart's desire
A short life in the saddle, Lord!
Not long life by the fire.

The book is charmingly illustrated by Lionel Edwards, who has few, if any, peers in depicting horses but one is concerned to know what is going to happen to the fine gray hunter which a scarlet coated huntsman appears to be riding over a nasty Irish ditch in the frontispiece. He has the horse well in hand. Too well in hand, one would suppose, for such a jump, and one trembles for the consequences.

GEORGE IV
A challenge to long-held views, which being the nearer truth, reads the more like fiction.
by SHANE LESLIE

"What Mr. Strachey did for the reign of Queen Victoria, Mr. Leslie has done for that of George IV, in a manner quite as brilliant. The book is as enjoyable as the best of novels, and as reliable as the best of histories."—*The Boston Transcript.*

"It is written with the animation that should characterize every volume on the racy period of the Regency. The shrewd asides that dot every page make the volume as entertaining as a good novel."—*The New York Herald Tribune.*

$4.00 at all Booksellers
BOSTON LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY PUBLISHERS

Struthers Burt's Novel
THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS

"The love story becomes a delicate, powerful study in reticences. . . . A book of many pages, beautifully written; of many people clearly seen and steadily sustained; of many places viewed broadly and with insight—Paris, the Riviera, Washington, D.C., besides Wyoming, Philadelphia and the theatres, studios, dance halls, hotels and philosophers' retreats of Manhattan."
—*Time.*

"An emotional stream, flowing strongly, and at times with great beauty."—*New York World.*

$2.00 at all bookstores *Charles Scribner's Sons*

TROLLOPE
A COMMENTARY

Not only a straightforward, gayly-written and brilliantly successful biography but a sparkling picture of mid-Victorian England. "The last work on Trollope as a novelist and as a man."—*London Outlook.*

BY MICHAEL SADLEIR
Illustrated, $5.00 *Houghton Mifflin Company*

COSMIC ECONOMICS
Orthodox economics is the business of earning a living; *COSMIC ECONOMICS* is the art of learning to live.
Lectures by
Leslie Watson Fearn, of London, England
Lenox Theatre, Finch School, 52 East 78th St., New York, at 8:15 P. M.
Thursday, Feb. 10—THE ETHICS OF CO-ORDINATION
Tuesday, " 15—THE FOLLY OF LABOR AND THE WISDOM OF WORK
Thursday, " 17—VALUES—REAL AND FICTITIOUS
Tuesday, " 22—COMMERCIALISM AND HUMAN NEED
A COLLECTION WILL BE TAKEN TO DEFRAY EXPENSES
DR. FEARN broadcasts from WMCA, Saturdays, 9 P. M.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By John Erskine

A PAGEANT OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

A pageant for the seven hundredth anniversary of Roger Bacon, depicting mediæval life and culture.

Regular edition, $1.00
Illustrated edition, $2.00

THE ELIZABETHAN LYRIC

Pp. xvi + 343. $2.50

By Minnie C. Yarborough

JOHN HORNE TOOKE

The first complete biography of the scholar, reformer and champion of the cause of the American colonies whose stormy career lights up the social and political history of eighteenth century England.

Just published. $2.50

By Herbert Levi Osgood

THE AMERICAN COLONIES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

One of the "Forty Important Books of 1924" selected by the American Library Association for the International Institute of Intellectual Cooperation of the League of Nations.

Four volume set. $20.00

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
New York

THE AMERICAN INDIANS AND THEIR MUSIC. By FRANCES DENSMORE. Womans Press. 1926. $2.

In a rich dress of that red brown which Indians love to combine with black comes a beautifully gotten up little book from The Womans Press, which one might take for a gift book—"The American Indians and Their Music." But be not deceived by the artistic dress, the shortness of the chapters, and the pretty photographic illustrations, for this is not a volume for the steamer, nor the sweet girl graduate. It is a veritable encyclopædia of information on Indian subjects and an excellent reference work for musicians, historians, or anyone interested in American Indian lore. Even without the assurance given by the author's title as collaborator in the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, one could tell from the careful quoting of authorities, the general logical arrangement, and the weighing of evidence that Miss Densmore is a real scholar whose word may be taken without question.

The first ten chapters deal with Indian life in general—arts, ceremonies, games, etc. The statements about these are very condensed and rather dry for anyone except a searcher after pure fact. These chapters have been conscientiously put in because the author feels that—"We understand the people better if we know their music and appreciate their music better if we understand the people themselves." It is the music, however, which really interests Miss Densmore, herself a musician, and from the chapter called "A Popular View of Indian Songs" we suddenly feel a spring of enthusiasm let loose, and follow easily through the chapters on childrens' songs, love songs, etc., the chapters on various musical instruments, to the more technical ones on the scale adaptations, even though we are not musicians.

The writer feels that "All who are familiar with Indian music will admit that it loses its native character when played on a piano" because of the slight gradation of tone that does not always fit our scale, and also that the chief characteristic of Indian music, as with other primitive music, is in the rhythm. Among many other interesting facts we learn that Indian music is held in the memory of the men, some of whom remember as many as 400 different songs and very exactly, so that phonograph records taken several days apart of a given song will be identical. Indians have no musical notation, the nearest approach being a form of picture writing in symbols which represent the songs. One of these is reproduced on the cover, which translated becomes this song—"Diligently listen to those who speak."

FINANCING THE LIVESTOCK INDUSTRY. By *Forrest M. Larmer*. Macmillan. $2.50.

EMPLOYMENT STATISTICS FOR THE UNITED STATES. Edited by *Ralph G. Hurlin* and *William A. Berridge*. New York: Russell Sage Foundation.

BIRTH CONTROL LAWS. By *Mary Ware Dennett*. New York: Hitchcock. $2.50.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE. By *Mary Leslie Irwin*. Wilson.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

MAIN STREET AND WALL STREET. By *William Z. Ripley*. (Little, Brown.)

CAPPONSACCHI. By *Arthur Goodrich and Rose A. Palmer*. (Appleton.)

WILD MONEY. By *Freeman Tilden*. (Doubleday, Page.)

HERE come the books for the inquirer whom *R. S. B. L., Chicago,* calls "*Three Star, Massachusetts.*" Several correspondents, whose letters arrived before last week's list could appear in print, reinforced the statement then made that Somerville and Ross were ideal purveyors of "light and pleasant" novels, and "Elizabeth" and Oscar Straus continue to be recommended *en masse*. *D. H. A., Morganton, N. C.,* makes me realize what an ungrateful memory I have, for every book on her list has brought me now-remembered ripples of mirth. These are Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive" (Doran), and "Through the Shadows," by Cyril Alington (Macmillan), a book laughing out aloud with such unconstraint that I was quite taken aback on finding that the author was a famous schoolmaster. Three stories by E. V. Lucas are on this list, "Over Bemerton's," "Mr. Ingleside" (Macmillan), and "Advisory Ben" (Doran), the dancing pages of St. John Ervine's slum-story, "Alice and a Family" (Macmillan), the short stories of Mary Roberts Rinehart, especially those dealing with "Tish," and one that reproduces, in half-unconscious burlesque, a Cinderella story of the crinoline period, Sophia Cleugh's "Matilda, Governess of the English" (Macmillan). *M. M. B., Boston,* is understandably surprised that "O Genteel Lady!" by Esther Forbes (Houghton Mifflin), did not come at once to my mind, or Norman Douglas's "South Wind" or "The Shirt," or "Good-by Stranger," and reminds *Three Star* that "some of Stacy Aumonier's short stories are rich in a dry sort of humor, and there is an odd book of three stories which I like to pass on to people who are not Pollyanners, entitled 'Seldwyla Folks,' by Gottfried Keller." *I. S., Madison, Wis.,* speaks for "that consummate story-teller, the Englishwoman, Una Silberrad," and recommends especially "Petronilla Herroven," "The Good Comrade" and "The Honest Man." Another vein tapped by *I. S.* is the early work of Anne Douglas Sedgwick, of which two charming novels are seldom seen nowadays, "The Confounding of Camelia" and "The Dull Miss Archinard." This list places as the best written and cleverist of all mystery stories Bentley's "Woman in Black," which I now hear of for the first time and must track down directly. *L. E., Honesdale, Pa.,* a standby of this department in hours like this, comes on with the earlier extravaganzas of Elmer Davis, author of "Friends of Mr. Sweeney," "I'll Show You the Town," and "Times Have Changed" (McBride), which I recall as chase-movies in print and Heywood Broun's "The Boy Grew Older." I've lost my copy of this work, but I would not call it a chuckler; the story stays in my mind even under the hundreds that have been shovelled in on top of it, and sets up a slight sympathetic heartache even at this distance. *L. E.* offers the "somewhat but not quite picaresque 'Key of the Fields' by Rideout, who also made some nice whimsy in 'Bar'bry'." "The Good Man," by Hummel, he advises, and hopes that *Three Star* "will not object to Parker's curious masterpiece, 'When Valmond Came to Pontiac,' as being too tragic—if he hollers, let him go," says he. "Then tell Mr. Massachusetts that one can cancel a good deal of 'Jurgen,' and come to 'Compromises in Heaven' and find the God of Jurgen's Grandmother along at about Chapter 41 or before indeed." The Honesdale correspondent, as one Massachusetts man in exile to another *in situ*, hands over at least a bale of chuckles in "Pierre Vinton,"—"The Wallet of Kai Lung"—how could I forget this one?—"Mr. Prohack," "Bunker Bean," Woodward's "Lottery," and all the charming productions of A. S. Neill—"A Dominie Dismissed," "A Dominie's Log," and "A Dominie in Doubt" (McBride)—and winds up with the brisk romance of A. P. Herbert, "The Old Flame" (Doubleday, Page)—which reminds me that the publication of his "She Shanties" in this country is impending (Doubleday, Page), and that funnier ballads never appeared in *Punch* nor were awaited from week to week with more impatience by the Reader's Guide. The choice of *R. S. B. L., Chicago,* begins with Denis Mackail complete, including his new volume, "The Fortunes of Hugo" (Houghton Mifflin), and reminds the world that A. S. M. Hutchinson once wrote a really funny book, "Once Aboard the Lugger," published by Mitchell Kennerley in 1908 and 1913. Joel Chandler Harris's "Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann," James Stephens's "Crock of Gold" and "Demi-Gods," and E. M. Forster's "Room with a View" round out this list, but I find more shivers and thrills than chuckles in another book it names, E. M. Forster's "Celestial Omnibus" (Knopf), one of the best sets of super-ghost stories that ever I read. This correspondent adds, "There is an awfully interesting book by James Agate, the dramatic critic of the *Manchester Guardian*, 'Responsibilities,' which I have never seen reviewed or mentioned; it's not light or funny but it's Agate's one and only novel and a good one."

Every contributor to this collection asks that other readers keep on sending in additions, for they all share *Three Star's* desire for pleasant gaiety in books not dripping with sweetness.

A. L., New York City, called up to ask what French poet, writing "secondrate verse," kept up the fires of patriotism under the ashes of the interval between the Franco-Prussian War and 1914, as described in the chapter "A Soldier of the Seventies," in Hilaire Belloc's "Miniatures of French History" (Harper).

AS this poet, unnamed by Belloc, whose grave is marked by the first boundary post torn up by French soldiers in the Vosges, may be a mystery to other American readers, I am glad to have information from Professor Albert Schinz of Smith College, whose "French Literature of the Great War" (Appleton), and "Le Roman Français depuis la Guerre" (Natl. Federation of Modern Language Teachers), made me apply to him at once. "I do not spend very much time reading Hilaire Belloc," says he, "but have no doubt that the 'soldier of the '70's' must be Paul Déroulède. I need not give you details, since you have all the reference books; however, in view of the question asked you may like to have this in case it is not in your other sources. Déroulède's death was doubly sad for those who honored him, since he died on the very eve of the war that was to realize his most cherished hope, the thing for which he had struggled all his life. Two first-class writers, the brothers Tharaud (Goncourt prize for their "Dingley, Ecrivain"—Kipling) wrote of this life devoted to one idea—to reëstablish the prestige of France after 1870-1—in "Vie et Mort de Déroulède," "Jérome et Jean Tharaud" (Emile-Paul, 1914). His "Chants du Soldat," 1872 (crowned by the Academy), and "Nouveaux Chants du Soldat," 1875, were popular again during the Great War. He wrote a very fine life of "Le Premier Grenadier de la France: La Tour d'Auvergne" (Hurtel, 1886), which is also in its way a little classic."

Professor Schinz reminds the reader that the poetry of Déroulède is "secondrate" only in the sense in which Béranger's "Chansons" are: "that is to say, the *genre* may be secondrate, but within the secondrate literary *genre* (chanson or war-songs) it is rather first-rate. By-the-way, your correspondent will find some passages about Déroulède in the Léon Daudet 'Memoirs' just published, by fragments and in English, by the Dial Press. D. is a picturesque figure indeed!"

J. M. R., Roundup, Montana, asks for a book from which to inform three children, girls of six and eight and a boy of three, on matters pertaining to sex.

THE American Social Hygiene Association, 370 Seventh avenue, N. Y., publishes Benjamin Gruenberg's "Parents and Sex Education," with suggestions as to presenting sex information to children under school age; these are clearly and simply presented. The volume "Sex," by Geddes and Thomson, a small volume in the Home University Library (Holt), gives the parent a biological and philosophical basis for procedure and includes some advice on the instruction of the young.

The collection of novels whose scene is laid in Mexico, continued from the list of books on that country prepared for an Iowan club and offered last week, begins with D. H. Lawrence's novel of this season, "The Plumed Serpent" (Knopf), whose subtitle is "Quetzalcoatl" and I hope no one asks me how to pronounce that.

A RECENTLY published romance of old Mexico is Francis Bellamy's "Spanish Faith" (Harper), and Will Levington Comfort's "Somewhere South of Sonora" came last year (Houghton Mifflin), and C. E. Scoggins's "The Proud Old Man" (Bobbs-Merrill) not long before. This reminds me that my Honesdale helper offered another book by Scroggins for the list above, "The Red God's Call," saying that even if it were not exactly light and pleasant, it would relax anyone, mind or no mind. Wallace Smith's set of short stories, "The Little Tigress" (Putnam), comes from Mexico, and so does E. L. Sabin's "The City of the Sun" (Jacobs), G. A. Chamberlain's "Not All the King's Horses" (Bobbs-Merrill), William Hamby's "The Ranch of the Thorn" (Chelsea Press), Emerson Hough's "Mother of Gold" (Appleton), Herman Whitaker's "The Planter" (Harper), which bears on matters now before the public, though it is not of this year's publication, and for historical novels, Rider Haggard's "Montezuma's Daughter" (Longmans), and Lew Wallace's "The Fair God." In my judgment the novel taking place in Mexico, that ranks highest as a novel, is Katherine Fullerton Gerould's "Conquistador" (Scribner). "The Pretender Person," by Margaret Cameron (Harper), is a travel-story.

The Whitman book sought by E. T. M., Vineland, N. J., has been found by H. B. P., Davenport, Iowa.

AT least she thinks it must be "Our Philadelphia," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell and Joseph Pennell, published by Lippincott in 1924. This will interest *H. S. Saunders, Toronto, Canada,* who has been following this search with special interest, as a Whitman enthusiast and publisher in limited editions of books about him, such as Stuart Merrill's "Walt Whitman," 1922; Mildred and Clement Wood's "For Walt Whitman," 1923; and "Whitman Portraits," over 240 pictures with data, in a handmade volume. The Pennell book on Philadelphia is still held in affection in that city; someone was quoting from it to me at the Union League this very week.

F. L. F., Bronxville, N. Y., asks if a collection of poems on the sea by American poets has appeared.

"SONGS of the Sea and Sailors' Chanteys," edited by Robert Frothingham (Houghton Mifflin), is an American publication, and a good collection, and there is a section called "The Sea" in Burton Stevenson's mammoth "Home Book of Verse" (Holt), also American, but neither of these is made up of poems altogether by Americans. Indeed the number and quality of sea-poems and songs by Englishmen, as compared with ours, remind one sharply not only of geography but of history.

JUST PUBLISHED!

One of the Most Important Books in Recent Years!

MAIN STREET AND WALL STREET
by
WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

An Authoritative, Timely Book

for Investors—great or small

for Holders of Public Utility Securities

for Bankers or Brokers

for Business Men and Business Women

$2.50 at all booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.
Publishers, Boston

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lippincott Books by Modern Authors

The Amazing Chance by Patricia Wentworth

Alike as Two Peas

Engaged to one
. . . she wed the other
10 Years After the War
One Returned . . . *Unidentified!*

A situation so unique . . . so distressing! How was Evelyn Prothero to know whether the returned soldier was lover or husband, when every distinguishing trait, every familiar gesture has been lost! Here is a love story of mystery and breathless suspense.

A strange tale of a lost personality.

$2.00 At All Good Bookstores.

MYSTERY of the ASHES
By Anthony Wynne

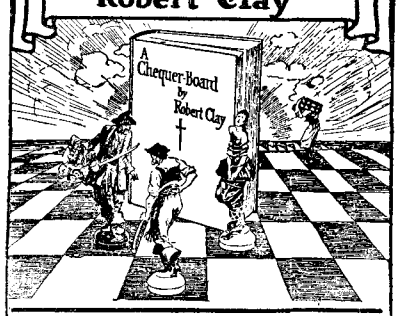
A NEW DR. HAILEY STORY

A Corking Mystery Story

Two shots! Then Patricia covers her beautiful, mutilated face. Tragedy . . . stark tragedy—develops. But Dr. Hailey is not stumped. He never is—for long.

$2.00 At All Good Bookstores.

A CHEQUER-BOARD by Robert Clay



A colorful tale of a fair English maid tossed by Fate on the Checker Board of life . . . the pawn of a piratical crew.

$2.00
At All Good Bookstores

J.B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA & LONDON

Old Books

To make a collection of the great masterpieces of literature in fine old editions, in first editions, even, whenever that may be, and to offer these charming volumes at prices as reasonable as possible, is the true function of the seller of rare books.

This is the guiding policy of our business.

The Chaucer Head Broadside S5, sent free on request, lists editions of Congreve, Richardson, Sterne, Jonson, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Fielding, and many others. Send for it today!

The Chaucer Head
32 West 47 Street
New York

The Phoenix Nest

THE most remarkable novel we have read since last writing you is *Liam O'Flaherty's* "Mr. Gilhooley." We had heard of O'Flaherty before, but we had never read any of his previous novels. We remember Padraic Colum's speaking of his work with praise. We picked up "Mr. Gilhooley" because Harcourt has put an attractively drawn jacket upon it—and we were immediately clutched and held by writing of extraordinary energy. The *Joyce* of "A Portrait of the Artist" was suggested to us,—"Ulysses,"—the sombre power of *Dostoiewsky*. "Mr. Gilhooley" is a terrific book. Many people will feel revolted at its ugliness. It is brutal, it is intensely forthright; but good heavens how the author can write, how the book moves and lives. . . .

Last week in mentioning the new Winston simplified dictionary we said that it "is edited by *Dr. William D. Lewis*, once a Philadelphia school-teacher." Therein we somewhat erred, as there are, in reality, three editors, Dr. Lewis, *Dr. Canby*, and *Dr. Thomas K. Browne, Jr.*, who was responsible for most of the etymological work. . . .

"Amy Lowell: A Mosaic" is a beautifully printed little book from the press of William Edwin Rudge of 475 Fifth Avenue. It is written by *George H. Sargent*, the well-known "Bibliographer" of the *Boston Transcript* and a friend of the poet. Mr. Sargent has gathered together Miss Lowell's most self-expressive ideas of poetry, of art, science, and literature. . . .

Lester G. Hornby, in "Balkan Sketches" (Little, Brown), has made a book of his impressions of the kingdom of the Serbs. He has expressed himself both through his accomplished illustrations and in prose. The book is a delight to the eye and the descriptions of Balkan life very interesting. . . .

Sinclair Lewis sailed for abroad on Ground-Hog Day, the second of February, after giving a most enjoyable party at the apartment of *Herbert S. Gorman*, the poet and biographer of Longfellow. By the time this is printed *Glenway Wescott* will also probably have left the United States again for foreign shores. . . .

Edgar Lee Masters has recently been in Charleston gathering material on the late lamented General Sherman for his new American epic. . . .

The notable library of *Major W. Van R. Whitall* of Pelham, New York,—including first editions, manuscripts, autograph letters and inscribed copies of nineteenth century authors, will be sold by direction of the Detroit Trust Company, Trustee, on February 14 at 8:15 and February 15 and 16 at 2:30 and 8:15 at the American Art Association Inc., 30 East Fifty-seventh Street. In a preface to the catalogue, *Hervey Allen* has, among other things, this to say of the collection:

> From the opportunities for acquisition at first hand which circumstances thus frequently presented resulted some of the unusually complete and often unique collections of which that of *W. B. Yeats* is perhaps an unrivaled example. Among others that are also memorable are the works of *Edwin Arlington Robinson, James Stephens, Walter de la Mare*, and a distinguished selection of items executed by *Mr. Bruce Rogers*, several of the last at *Major Whitall's* own request. For the writers of the past the items listed below are self-eloquent.

It will be a sale worth attending. . . .

The publicity of Alfred A. Knopf refers to *Edward Garnett's* latest novel "Go She Must!" How about *David* then? . . .

A remarkable book now in its second printing is "The House Without Windows" by *Barbara Newhall Follett* (Knopf). Its author is twelve years old and wrote her volume three years ago. The prose is extraordinary. . . .

The Modern Library is adding a volume of "Modern American Poetry," an anthology edited by *Conrad Aiken*, to its long list. Here some of the "new" poetry of our day, together with more traditional work, is selected for posterity. . . .

Recently we were much interested in the exhibition at the Whitney Studio Club of the sculpture of *Tennessee Mitchell Anderson*. Her "Promenade" in nickel, her "Two Lives" in lead, her portraits in the grotesque were part of a diverting variety of subjects. Here is a sculptor with a gift of humor, with an ironic fancy, unawed by the classic. . . .

A play we must go to see is "Caponsacchi" at Hampden's Theatre. Think of "The Ring and the Book" being at last set before a theatre audience! *Walter Hampden's* fine taste and daring in giving the *Arthur Goodrich* and *Rose A. Palmer* version of its story so fine a production increase our respect for him. . . .

George Santayana has written a letter to *Lewis Mumford* about his "Golden Day," in which he says Mr. Mumford's book "is the best book about America, if not the best American book, that I have ever read." In connection with Mr. Mumford's reference to Mr. Santayana himself, the latter has this to say:

> What you say about my roots being at best in Mrs. Garden's Boston, is true of *him* (the Harvard professor and semi-public personage who wrote "The Life of Reason") not of *me;* my own roots are Catholic and Spanish, and though they remain underground, perhaps, they are the life of everything; for instance, of my pose as a superior and lackadaisical person; because all the people and opinions which I deal with and try to understand, are foreign and heretical and transitory from the point of view of the great tradition to which I belong.

We spoke some paragraphs back of Barbara Newhall Follett. Another youngster who has written a remarkable book is *Gertrude Margaret* ("*Peggy*") *Temple*, the twelve-year-old author of "The Admiral and Others" to be issued by the Duttons the end of this month. She is said to be a normal child, the second daughter of a distinguished London journalist, *Michael Temple*. Miss Temple has created in her humorous novel an absurd world of adults. *St. John Adcock* describes the child and the creation of her work in an interesting foreword. . . .

The manuscript of *Sylvia Townsend Warner's* new novel just recently reached the Viking Press, and the title turned out to be "Mr. Fortune's Maggot," instead of "Mr. Folly's Maggot," as previously reported. The author thinks it a better piece of work than "Lolly Willowes." It is scheduled for April publication. . . .

One of the new books published by the Oxford University Press is entitled "Worms in Furniture and Structural Timber." And that's our choice for the most fascinating title of the season! . . .

On March the fourth will come *Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's* "Fire Under the Andes." The phrase for the title is out of Emerson, and is apt, because the people who sat for this series of Sergeant portraits are all persons of high prominence, folk whose active lives are fed by a fire within. Some of these portraits appeared in *The New Republic* originally and impressed us by their brilliant power of sympathetic interpretation. . . .

Dodd, Mead set store by *Frederick Niven's* new novel "Wild Honey," by their reissue of *J. C. Snaith's* "Broke of Covenden" (which we have always heard is a fine book), and by *Helen R. Martin's* new "Sylvia, of the Minute." . . .

Finally, a novel which was a great favorite in England this summer, and which we are now getting at in the English edition, (Heinemann) is "Still She Wished for Company," by *Margaret Irwin*, who also wrote "How Many Miles to Babylon?", "Come Out to Play," and "Out of the House." . . .

Elinor Wylie, author of "The Orphan Angel," tells us that she has discovered some poetry that delights her. It is written by one *Warren Gilbert* and appeared in the January issue of Idella Purnell's little poetry magazine, *Palms*, published at Guadalajara, New Mexico. Mrs. Wylie is enchanted to hear that Mr. Gilbert is working on an eighteenth century novel. Of his poems she says she likes "The Saints' Rest" and "Ellumwood" the best, and was also much amused by his versified editorial, "The Poet Renigs." She advises publishers to watch Mr. Gilbert. . . .

Elinor Wylie also remarks, with emphasis, that she is horribly bored by the literary tradition which prevents her from reviewing *Dorothy Parker's* "Enough Rope," merely because it is dedicated to her. She says that if she could say anything about the book she'd say it was the wittiest and most poignant poetry she has read in a twelve-month. . . .

We sympathized with her about her not being able to say that. . . .

Well, as *Artemus Ward* once said, "I now bid you a welcome adoo."

THE PHŒNICIAN

Among the rare books recently added to the collection at the Widener Library of Harvard University and now on exhibition for the first time, is "Dialogue Dei Duc Massimi Sistemi del Monde," written by Galileo in the early sixteenth century. He was summoned to appear before the Court of the Inquisition because of alleged heretical statements made in this treatise. This historic volume has Galileo's portrait and was a special gift to the author's friend, Sebastian Venieris.

THE LURE OF DARKEST AFRICA!

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN

WRITES A THRILLING STORY OF HIS ADVENTURES

"AMONG PYGMIES AND GORILLAS"

$6.00

DUTTON

MASTERPIECES OF ITALIAN PAINTING XV and XVI CENTURY

A series of one hundred magnificent large size photogravures accompanied by critical and biographical notes, to be completed in twelve monthly portfolios.

Write for sample engraving and full program to:

Prof. F. PRISTERA
Editor and Publisher
19 Barclay St., New York, N. Y.

The Curse of the Reckaviles
By WALTER S. MASTERMAN

A baffling murder mystery

$2.00

DUTTON

T. F. POWYS

He was born in Dorsetshire,—not even his publisher knows when.

For years he has lived quietly, with his wife and sons, in remote corners of England.

In "Soliloquies of a Hermit," he gives us one of the few authentic portraits of himself.

His brother, Llewellyn Powys, speaks of him as a "strange and lonely being."

He mends his fences with string, and the helpful suggestions of strangers make him sad.

His literary tastes are various:—John Wesley's *Journal*, James Thomson's *"City of Dreadful Night,"* The Bible, and the works of John Bunyan, Thomas Malory, and Joseph Conrad.

He loves the downs, the chalk cliffs, the sea, and a few people.

In his tales and novels he writes of the people of the English countryside with an austere detachment and a devastating truth.

First editions of the works of T. F. Powys may be obtained from the

PHOENIX BOOK SHOP
41 East 49th Street
New York

Bibliographical Enquiries Welcomed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

THE INFLUENCE OF CAXTON

THE new work of the first of English printers, "Caxton, Mirrour of Fifteenth Century Letters," by Nellie Slayton Aurner, published in a special limited edition by Houghton Mifflin Company, is written from a new point of view. After a survey of Caxton's books as an outgrowth of his life and the life about him, one feels that his influence in the development of English literature has had scant recognition. The influence which he introduced and extended over an ever-widening circle of readers sprang from the very heart of the most vital force of fifteenth-century England. As governor of the merchant adventurers abroad, Caxton was for years the central figure of that company, remarkable for its vivid life, which made successful war against the monopoly of the staple and fostered the spirit of initiative in civic and commercial affairs. This spirit of initiative Caxton carried into his activities as editor and printer. Too simple-minded and humble to dream of reforming the taste of his countrymen, or of remolding their ideas according to some foreign pattern, he made use of the wonderful new invention of printing to express and preserve what seemed to him best in the literature of his time. A very large amount of this literature was available only to the limited number of Englishmen who knew French and Latin. Caxton's translations, together with those he obtained from others, revolutionized English prose. A great deal has been written about Caxton the printer, but this work gives special emphasis to his great ability as publisher and editor. Both in quantity and quality the contribution of his press was remarkable, and will always be worthy of study, not merely for its effect on the English language, but for its significance in the general development of English literature.

GREATEST BUSINESS LIBRARY

THE greatest business library in existence will have been created in Boston next June, as the result of an agreement on the part of the trustees of the Boston Public Library and the faculty of Harvard University, which was recently formally announced. The new George F. Baker Library, central building of the group now nearing completion on the Brighton side of the Charles River for the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, will house this great collection of books, records, and pamphlets. The new library will combine the resources of the Boston Public Library, one of the three great libraries of America, and the Harvard Business Library, which has made phenomenal strides in the last seven years, and of the Business Historical Society, an organization comprising some of the most eminent captains of industry in the United States. Starting with something in excess of 150,000 volumes, when the three collections have been merged, it is expected that within a decade the collection will more than have been trebled. Every citizen of Boston will have the right to avail himself of this wonderful collection, for, under the agreement drawn up, the Harvard Business Library becomes in fact a branch of the Boston Public Library. Fortunately, the new business school is on the Boston side of the river. If it were on the Cambridge side, the Boston Public Library could not legally make it a depository for its books.

SALE OF ISHAM COLLECTION

THE important collection of seventeenth and eighteenth century English books formed by Lieut.-Col. Ralph H. Isham of this city comprising 215 lots was sold at the American Art Galleries January 7, bringing $21,715. The gem of the collection was Lovelace's "Lucasta," 1649, said to be the finest copy known of the first issue of the first edition which brought the record price of $4,900. Other important lots and the prices realized were the following: "A Brief Account of the Intended Bank of England," small 4to, morocco, London, 1694, probably unique, $1,250; Fielding's "Of True Greatness," 16 pp. folio, wrappers, uncut, London, 1741, first edition and of utmost rarity, $1,050; the same author's "The History of Tom Jones," 6 vols., 12mo, original sprinkled calf, London, 1749-50, first edition, $600; Gay's "The Beggar's Opera," 8vo, calf by Reviere, London, 1728, first edition, $120; Gray's "Stanzas Written in a Country Churchyard," from *Magazine of Magazines*, London, 1751, first printed appearance of Gray's famous poem, $425; "The Psalms of King David," the translation of King James, small 12mo, morocco by Bedford, Oxford, 1631, $1,250; Milton's "Paradise Lost," small 4to, old sprinkled calf, London, 1668, first edition, third title-page, $300; Combe's "English Dance of Death," 2 vols., royal 8vo, with colored plates by Rowlandson, morocco by Bedford, London, 1815-16, McGeorge copy of the first edition, $525; Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," 8vo, calf by Bedford, London, 1829, first edition, $130; Smollett's "Humphry Clinker," 3 vols., 12mo, calf by Reviere, London, 1753, first issue of the first edition, $110; Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," 9 vols. in 5, original calf, London, 1760-67, first editions of all volumes, $520; by same author, "A Sentimental Journey," 2 vols. in 1, 12mo, full contemporary calf, London, 1768, first edition, $230; Suckling's "Fragmenta Avrea," 8vo, levant morocco by Lortic, London, 1646, first edition, $360; Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," 2 vols., 8vo, calf by Coverly, London, 1726, first edition, $270; and Tennyson's "Poems, by Two Brothers," 12mo, original boards, London, 1827, first edition of the poet's first book, $390.

FORTHCOMING SALES

ON February 14 the library of Percy Winter of Boonton, N. J., and Napoleonana from the collection of the late Miss Georgiana Blunt of Florence, Italy, will be sold at the Anderson Galleries. This sale includes many choice library books in good condition, a few first editions and a notable collection of Napoleonana, including the original plaster cast made from the death mask by Dr. Antomarchi, and from which the bronze replicas were made, and a lock of Napoleon's hair secured by his sister while at the Isle of Elba with an autograph certificate signed by Pauline Bonaparte.

On February 14, 15, and 16 the library of Major W. Van Whitall, of Pelham, N. Y., comprising first editions, manuscripts, autograph letters, and inscribed copies of nineteenth century authors, will be sold at the American Art Galleries. This is one of the outstanding sales of the season and its 1,501 items include a wide range of rarities of the last century, including many first editions of authors now living. Among the rarer lots are Blake's "The Book of Thel," copy F. of the twelve copies known; an important series of George Borrow first editions and manuscripts; Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning first editions and association copies; first editions and presentations copies by Lord Byron; first editions and association items of Coleridge; first edition of Fitzgerald's translation of "Omar Khayyam" in wrappers; first editions and presentation copies of George Gissing; important series of books, mainly first editions, and a manuscript of John Keats; first editions and letters of Charles Lamb; and an extensive collection of the publications of the Grolier Club and books designed by Bruce Rogers.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE original manuscript of Thomas Hardy's "The Return of the Native," owned by the late Clement Shorter, has been bequeathed to the library of Trinity College of Dublin.

Messrs. Ernest Benn of London will publish this Spring Dr. Walter Peck's "Shelley: His Life and Work," an exhaustive biography taking advantage of new source material, together with the inclusion of hitherto unpublished poems, letters, essays, and ballads.

A volume entitled "Prayers for the Use of the Philadelphia Academy," which was printed by Benjamin Franklin in 1753, and a deed bearing Frankin's autograph, were among the recent gifts to the University of Pennsylvania's extensive collection of Franklliniana.

D. Appleton & Co. are bringing out a facsimile of the first American edition of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," with Sir John Tenniel's illustrations, which they published sixty years ago. The publishers would like to have the names and addresses of those who own copies of that early edition.

The most valuable botanical gift ever made to the Smithsonian Institution, says the Washington *Evening Star*, has just reached the institution, arriving, for a curious reason, twenty-two years after its presentation. This is the botanical library of Captain John Donnell Smith of Baltimore, consisting of some 1,600 carefully selected and beautifully bound volumes. Captain Smith, who at the age of ninety-seven is the most venerable of American botanists, presented his library and also his plant collection of more than 100,000 specimens to the Smithsonian in 1905.

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: PRINTERS & BINDERS :: WRITERS' SERVICES

Single insertion rate: 7 cents a word

AUTOGRAPHS

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of celebrities of all nations bought and sold. Send for price list. Walter R. Benjamin, 578 Madison Ave., New York City. Publisher The Collector, $1. Established 1887.

BARGAIN OFFERS

SEVERAL LARGE AND IMPORTANT LIBRARIES, consisting of desirable books on all possible subjects, now on sale. Collectors, Librarians and general book buyers will find a great number of choice and interesting items, moderately priced. It will pay you to visit our shop. Open till 10 p. m. M. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Ave. at 12th Street, New York.

SOME EXAMPLES OF BOOK BARGAINS LISTED IN OUR CATALOGUE 15. New and Perfect; at 50 per cent savings or more. James Joyce, Gorman, $1.00; Knut Hamsun, Larsen, 75c; Gentleman Into Goose, Ward, 75c; Heretic Soana, Hauptmann, 75c; Hellas, Georg Brandes, $1.00; Moll Flanders, Defoe, $1.25; Roving Critic, Doren, $1.20; Erasmus, Professor Smith, $1.75; Complete catalogues free.

SEIFFERS NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS
832 Westchester Ave. New York, N.Y.

STOCK REDUCING SALE: 25,000 books at drastic reductions for immediate disposal—no catalogues—Breslow's Book Shop, Bible House, 4th Ave. cor. 9th St.

REMAINDER CATALOG of new books sent free. Mercury Book Mart, 1472 Broadway, New York City.

BOOK BINDINGS

LEATHER BOUND BOOKS RESTORED and preserved. New life to crumbling or cracked bindings. Easily applied. Send for free sample can "Leathervita." Small and large Libraries treated. J. C. Lewis Co., 2 West 47th Street, New York.

FOREIGN LITERATURE

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, GERMAN books. Free catalogue, state language desired. Schoenhof's—established 1856. 387 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

GENEALOGY

GENEALOGY: If interested in your family history, our priced catalogue listing nearly 5,000 genealogical books for sale by us will be mailed to you for 10c in stamps. GOODSPEED'S BOOK-SHOP, 94 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

GENERAL ITEMS

GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP IS A NATIONAL INSTITUTION. By our catalogues our stock is made available to book-lovers and collectors wherever located. The following are now in print and will be sent free on request: 165—Art and Allied Subjects. 166—Rare and Choice Books. 167—Miscellaneous. No. 164, Genealogies and Local Histories will be sent on receipt of ten cents. Goodspeed's Book Shop, 9a-Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

THEATRE ARTS MONTHLY in 10 volumes. 1500 Illustrations. The only complete international record of the modern theatre. Special Issues on Stagecraft, Theatre Backgrounds. Costumes, Shakespeare, etc. Complete $50. We buy Volumes I and II at $5 each. THEATRE ARTS, INC., 119 West 57th Street, New York.

SEND FOR OUR CATALOG of rare books, fine bindings, manuscript letters, etc. W. K. Stewart Co., Louisville, Ky.

O'MALLEY'S BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.) Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable. Expert service. Open evenings.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, current books of English and American fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, art, essays, can now be procured from Eugene Pell, 1208 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa

OVERLAND NARRATIVES, the Indians, Slavery, the Civil War. Catalogs on request. Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th Street, New York.

EVERY BOOK IN CREATION. Pratt, 161 Sixth Ave., New York.

"THE WORLD AT MIDNIGHT" contains each month our unusual catalog of odd and strange books, autographs, prints and literary curiosities. Open Book Shop, 58 West Washington, Chicago.

SEND FOR CATALOG of most interesting books in the world. Dr. French, 2407 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

LANGUAGES

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM MASTERKEY to all languages. Primers, $1.95; Chinese, French, Spanish, Alphagrams, 30c. Dictionaries, $1.98. Languages, 3 West 40th, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

FOR SALE BACK NUMBERS of National Geographic, The Auk, Science, American Mercury, The Nation, International Studio, etc., etc. Thomas M. Salisbury, 87 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied at most reasonable prices. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Caledonia 0047.

THE OUT-OF-PRINT department of BRUSSEL'S will locate the books you want. Brussel's, 57 Fourth Avenue, New York.

RARE EDITIONS

FIRST AND LIMITED EDITIONS. Catalogue No. 2 on request. Modern American and English Authors, Nonesuch Press, Art, Literature, Anthropology, Bruce Rogers, Americana. J. Henry Guntzer, Jr., 51 North Regent Street, Port Chester, New York.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. Interesting catalogue of Books from 15th to 20th Century, mailed free on application. Howes Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.

AMERICANA. Send for catalog No. 2 of books about the history of New York City and State. Arthur B. Carlton, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

INTERESTING CATALOG of FIRST EDITIONS and unusual books will be mailed upon request. Julian Bookshop. 1625 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, New York.

SPECIALISTS

THE NORTH NODE, an Occult Book Shop, 114 East 57th St. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermatica, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians, Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilizations, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print, new and contemporary.

WRITERS' SERVICE

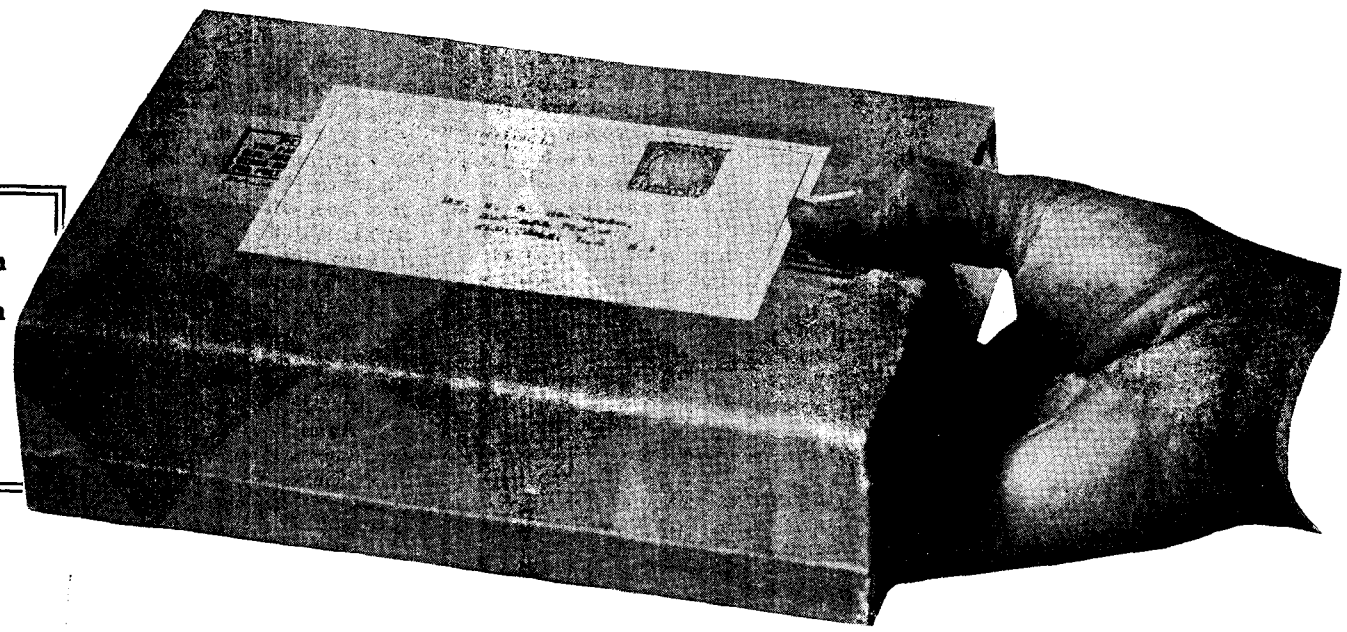
MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY ADVISER. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticised and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

AUTHORS' PUBLICATION SERVICE, Editorial, Manufacturing, Distributing, etc. Biographies, Histories, Special Works, Genealogies, Theses, etc. The Branwell Company, 406 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.

AUTHORS' AND ARTISTS' representative, literary adviser. Manuscripts sold. Grace Aird, 342 Madison Avenue, New York. Vanderbilt 9344.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Handed to you by the postman —the outstanding book each month — yet exchangeable if you prefer another.



Why over 40,000 *sensible people already have subscribed to this service*

LOOK OVER THE LIST OF BOOKS BELOW: IT SHOWS THE CHOICES MADE BY THE SELECTING COMMITTEE OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SINCE LAST APRIL — BOTH THE BOOKS SENT TO SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

EACH month subscribers to the Book-of-the-Month Club receive the outstanding "book-of-the-month" chosen by our Selecting Committee. If it proves to be a book they would not have purchased of their own volition, *they have the privilege of exchanging it.* All the books listed here were described carefully for the purpose of enabling subscribers to make a discriminating choice. This list includes both the books chosen as the "book-of-the-month", and other books which were recommended for exchange, since last April. It does not include the books reported upon, *for the current month of February.* The titles set in larger type have been sent out as the "Book-of-the-Month." The others were recommended for those subscribers who wished to exchange the book they received.

THE HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS *Edited by Bliss Perry*
THE PLUTOCRAT *Booth Tarkington*
TAR *Sherwood Anderson*
THE SUN ALSO RISES *Ernest Hemingway*
PREFACE TO A LIFE *Zona Gale*
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN *Philip Russell*
THE LENORE *Terence O'Donnell*
THE MAKING OF THE MODERN MIND *John H. Randall, Jr.*
THE ORPHAN ANGEL *Elinor Wylie*
GALAHAD *John Erskine*
YOU CAN'T WIN *Jack Black*
MY MORTAL ENEMY *Willa Cather*
LORD RAINGO *Arnold Bennett*
GEORGE WASHINGTON *W. E. Woodward*
MURDER FOR PROFIT *William Bolitho*
MOSES IN RED *Lincoln Steffens*
THROUGH MANY WINDOWS *Helen Woodward*
THE BOOK OF MARRIAGE *Count Hermann Keyserling*
THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS *Ellen Glasgow*
CHEVRONS *Leonard Nason*
THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD, *H. G. Wells*
SUTTER'S GOLD *Blaise Cendrars*
MOHAMMED *R. F. Dibble*
MINIATURES OF FRENCH HISTORY, *Hilaire Belloc*
SMOKY *Will James*
THE TIME OF MAN *Elizabeth Madox Roberts*
THIS BELIEVING WORLD *Lewis Browne*
MARTHA AND MARY *J. Anker Larsen*
MEDUSA'S HEAD *Josephine Daskam Bacon*
AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF CHINA *Herbert H. Gowen and Josef W. Hall*
HISTORY OF ENGLAND *Geo. Macaulay Trevelyan*
NIGGER HEAVEN *Carl Van Vechten*
TAMPICO *Joseph Hergesheimer*
BELLARION *Rafael Sabatini*
SHOW BOAT *Edna Ferber*
LETTERS OF LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY, 2 VOLUMES *Grace Guiney*
DAPHNE BRUNO—2 VOLUMES *Ernest Raymond*
BY THE CITY OF THE LONG SAND *Alice Tisdale Hobart*
THE UNEARTHLY *Robert Hichens*
THE MURDER OF ROGER ACKROYD *Agatha Christie*
THE MIND OF THE MILLIONAIRE *Albert W. Atwood*
THE TESTAMENT OF DOMINIC BURLEIGH *Godfrey Elton*
THE SILVER SPOON *John Galsworthy*
THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY *Will Durant*
JEFFERSON *Albert Jay Nock*
BRAWNYMAN *James Stevens*
LOVE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE *Floyd Dell*
THE EXQUISITE PERDITA *E. Barrington*
THE CONNOISSEUR *Walter de la Mare*
THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR *Harry Elmer Barnes*
ITALY UNDER MUSSOLINI *William Bolitho*
THE DECLINE OF THE WEST *Oswald Spengler*
HUMAN EXPERIENCE *Viscount Haldane*
THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID *Walter Noble Burns*
MANTRAP *Sinclair Lewis*
FRANZ LISZT *Guy de Pourtales*
THE ARCTURUS ADVENTURE *William Beebe*
FATHERS OF THE REVOLUTION *Philip Guedalla*
INTERNATIONAL ANARCHY *G. Lowes Dickinson*
JOAN OF ARC *Joseph Delteil*
PRECIOUS BANE *Mary Webb*
TWO OR THREE GRACES *Aldous Huxley*
O GENTEEL LADY! *Esther Forbes*
THE GREAT VALLEY *Mary Johnston*
THE CABALA *Thornton Niven Wilder*
EDUCATION AND THE GOOD LIFE *Bertrand Russell*
ROUGH JUSTICE *C. E. Montague*
THE ADVANCING SOUTH *Edwin Mims*
ROSALIE EVANS' LETTERS FROM MEXICO
THE POLITICAL EDUCATION OF WOODROW WILSON *James Kerney*
TEEFTALLOW *T. S. Stribling*
HILL-BILLY *Rose Wilder Lane*
THE LOVE NEST, AND OTHER STORIES *Ring Lardner*
THE PLUMED SERPENT *D. H. Lawrence*
FIX BAYONETS *Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.*
OUR TIMES *Mark Sullivan*
THE MAUVE DECADE *Thomas Beer*
THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF COLONEL HOUSE *Edited by Chas. Seymour*
LOLLY WILLOWES *Sylvia Townsend Warner*
MARY GLENN *Sarah G. Millin*
CLARA BARRON *Harvey O'Higgins*
SPANISH BAYONET *Stephen Vincent Benet*
MICROBE HUNTERS *Paul de Kruif*
ABRAHAM LINCOLN *Carl Sandburg*

IMPORTANT NOTE: Since the "book-of-the-month" is always sent to subscribers without previous notice, obviously a price limit is necessary. The Selecting Committee, accordingly, is not allowed to choose as the "book-of-the-month" *any volume priced at more than $3.00.* Outstanding books, costing more than this amount, go on the recommended list, and any subscriber who then wishes to have them, may obtain them *by exchange or separate purchase.*

Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman

YOU miss reading the new books you intend to read! For one reason or another, *you never "get around to them."* That is the chief reason why you should subscribe to the Book-of-the-Month Club, —why over 40,000 individuals, representing every walk of life and constituting probably the intellectual elite of the country, have *already* subscribed.

The purpose of this unique service is not to have someone choose your reading for you or to give you "book bargains." It merely aims to insure that *you will read the books you intend to read*, but which you neglect to read. How does it do this?

Heywood Broun

You know that, out of the thousands of books published, there are only a few you are interested in. You want the outstanding ones. But what are they? The Book-of-the-Month Club has engaged a group of five critics, who select what *they* consider to be the outstanding book published each month. The choice is made, not from manuscripts submitted by a few authors, *but from all the books published by all the publishers.*

Dorothy Canfield

The book chosen is sent to you, if you are a subscriber. It comes by mail, *like a magazine.* You can't miss it, by oversight or forgetfulness. When it comes, however, it *may* prove to be a book you would not have purchased of your own volition. For the judges do not consider their combined opinion any more sacred than yours.

Any book they choose, you will admit, is *very likely* to be one you would not care to miss. But sometimes you may disagree with their choice. For that reason, they recommend and report every month *on all other important readable and outstanding books.* And you may exchange the book you receive any month *for any other book you prefer.*

Christopher Morley

Note that the final effect of this service is—not that outsiders choose

William Allen White

the books you read—but that *you at last obtain and read* the books you promise yourself to read, but which heretofore you have never "got around to." That is the chief *raison d'etre* of the Book-of-the-Month Club. It explains its surprising growth. The service fills a need long-felt by busy and intelligent people, who find themselves "drifting behind the time." Send for our prospectus, which explains how smoothly and conveniently it is operating for over 40,000 people. *The cost of the service itself is nothing.* You pay the same price for your books (no more) that the publisher himself charges. A request for our prospectus will not obligate you to subscribe. Please use the coupon below.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
218 West 40th St., Dept. 12B, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, without cost, your Prospectus outlining the details of the Book-of-the-Month Plan of Reading. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED